



20
YEARS

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Women Zionists and the Jewish National Fund.*

*Hechalutz and our brother-movements
of the Zionist Youth Council.*

1929 - 1949

20th Anniversary National Veida

December 22nd to December 27th, 1949

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*The Chief Rabbi, the Very Reverend Israel Brodie,
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20 YEARS HABONIM

SOUVENIR PUBLICATION

December 1949

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CHAZAK!

THIS Souvenir Publication of Habonim, which commemorates 20 impressive years in the annals of British Jewry, appears at a time when a most signal honour has been paid us by the naming of our Kibbutz at Mansura after the first President of Israel, Chaim Weizmann. For the past 20 years, quietly, unpretentiously, our movement has educated thousands of young Jews towards an understanding of their people's traditions, cultural heritage, and yearning to return 'home.' It is no odd coincidence that hundreds should turn up to the 20 years' reunion of Habonim that took place at Kfar Blum. It is no mere chance that a group of British chalutzim should find themselves in an honoured site in Israel. For all of these events are but logical consequences of an almost prophetic policy that has guided the movement through these 20 years. Had we not been the outcasts of the community we should never have become its idol. If in those days we had not followed the course of conviction but had instead listened to 'common sense,' we should have built no kibbutzim, we should have sent no chalutzim. And who knows whether we should have remained as a movement?

As it was, we defied the armchair Zionist and took to practising our preachings. If Zionism meant anything at all it implied a personal realisation; and if the chalutz was the hero in the struggle to wrest Israel from the destructive forces of nature, then lip service paid to him was no service at all.

Now, with political work for the State over and done with, the prime importance of Habonim in the Zionist movement becomes clear. The conversion of the political State into the physical State demands one simple thing—the individual who is prepared body and soul for the task; the young Jew with the spirit of chalutzit in his blood. Our education in the movement has been directed therefore towards equipping Anglo-Jewish youth bodily and spiritually for its great future. But this huge responsibility, the education of British Jewish youth, is a burden that cannot be carried by us alone. The community must be with us.

Recently a nation-wide campaign was begun to recruit support for our work. In many provincial towns where groups of Habonim exist, adult members of the community have in the past formed committees of Friends of Habonim. These committees have co-operated fully with the local groups, offering advice, publicising the activities of the movement in the community, and aiding us financially. We should like to take this opportunity of asking all who have the welfare of Israel and Jewish youth at heart, to help them by helping us.

* * * * *

We have been anticipated somewhat in our celebrations by a parallel festive week-end in Israel. It was held at Kfar Blum on the 22nd October. The event had been splashed up and down the length and breadth of Israel; and when the visitors came pouring in, they were

absorbed in true kibbutz fashion, despite the terrific housing problem.

The following day two buses packed to overflowing made the trip to Mansura. Chaverim were wine and dined, treated to a short discourse on the meshek by Ossie, and then hustled back to Kfar Blum for lunch. Later in the day two lorry loads of Mansuranicks drove in, and then the programme could begin. The vast crowd was all set for an impressive moment. It came when Moggy called for Kriat Habonim after the singing of Techezaknah! In those fleeting moments how many must have cast their minds back to these shores, to the days when they stood, blue shirted, in a circle, and rapped out in high pitched youthful voices 'Al tikrah banayich ella bonayich.' There are times when the heart speaks; when the most hardened becomes sentimental. This festival was such an occasion.

Many speeches followed, in particular those from the veterans of the movement—Wellesley Aron, Norman Lourie, and Henry Baker, all three of whom were at the first foundation meeting of the movement. Wellesley Aron provoked the laugh of the day when he insisted that in fact this was the 21st Anniversary of the movement, and not the 20th! Curious coincidence that Kfar Blum had quite unwittingly fixed the celebration on the exact anniversary date. Berl Cherrick followed on and then Baruch Rosenthal, who was the shaliach to Habonim during the war years. The list of telegrams and messages was headed by a wonderful greeting from President Weizmann; and after several more greetings, the oratorical session closed, and the whole ceremony wound up with 'Tsedaktem Habonim,' sung by the choir, and Hatikvah.

The show of the week-end went to the 'Kings of the Zig,' the chaverim from Mansura. True, the lights broke down after the curtain had nearly broken down after enough! The show went on. Two excellent zigs of the very best vintage, a dancing display, choir, vocal quartette, instrumentalists, all packed themselves tightly into an evening's programme which crowned a week-end of memorable incidents.

This celebration confirms that Habonim has made a respected and well loved name for itself not only in Britain, but also in Israel. We hope that this influence will be an influence to the good in the shaping of Israel's future.

As we go to press, our own Veida comes close upon us. For us this National Conference spells a stage of summing up, of reporting, of meditating as the 20 years pass by in review. Out of this conference will come a picture of the way ahead, and although one may not anticipate its conclusions, it is safe to prophesy an intensification and expansion of our work. We call on Jewish youth to join us now, before it is too late, to keep aflame the spirit of Jewish freedom and independence. **Chazak Ve'ematz!**

TWENTY YEARS THAT SPEAK

THERE is a pithy piece of Midrash dialectics which tells us that at the moment of destruction, the seed of life springs forth anew, forceful and eternal, adding ever more facts to establish the law of creation. A scientific historian would see proof in the events of 1929. For with a world in the grip of an economic depression, spirits too, morale, faith in life itself had all sunk into the abyss of despair. In the midst of this collapse arose an innocent creation, a movement that groped its way unaided and yet intuitively found its true course. This movement was Habonim, now an organisation of 20 years standing which takes first place as the instrument of Zionist education amongst the youth of this country, and which has cast its seeds amongst the Jewish youth of all the other English speaking countries of the world.

In the dim and distant days of 1929, the zealous group of enthusiasts who conceived the idea of Habonim had not the vision to foresee its colossal development; and yet instinctively they grasped the essentials for the creation of a Habonim movement. The dangerous trend to assimilation amongst Anglo-Jewish youth had to be stemmed, and that implied the knitting together of Jewish youth into groups which would firstly, become aware of their Jewishness and secondly, feel proud of it. The failings of Cheder, Talmud Torah, and religious classes had to be made up, and the non-Jewish influences countered; this implied a modern Hebrew education content, and a Zionist atmosphere.

From these inchoate beginnings, the purely negative aspects of the movement became overshadowed by positive aims. At first, the Rosh Gedud was very much the master of his group, for he was its creator, and through his energies and perseverance alone did it thrive. The character of the group bore the stamp of its creator, and the educational emphasis reflected the idiosyncracies of the Madrich.

CAMPS BEGIN

Then with the first camp in 1932 came order out of chaos. When the Rashim from all over the country got together, discussion forged a variety of ideas into common aims, and a central office in London was set up to help out with the year's work. Palestine and the J.N.F. became prominent features in a programme that had to keep pace with political events in the world, and once again a step was taken, the consequences of which were scarcely comprehended at the time—the creation of Vatikai Habonim, the senior section.

Although in 1934 the first chaverim went on Hachsharah, the influence of the farms on the movement did not become pronounced until the beginning of the war. It is true to say that the conflict within the movement

had already broken out—whether to be strictly chalutzic or whether to allow non-chalutzic elements also, but the sensible outcome which laid down no dogmatic rules assured the movement's continuation, and probably encouraged the growth of its chalutzic section.

THE BIG JAMBOREE

Meanwhile numbers were increasing and activities widening; pegishot, chagigot, maccabiot, veidot, and of course machanot (camps). How many remember the days of Herne Bay, Deal, Morecambe, Christchurch, and then the great jamboree of 1939? With 1500 chaverim, Oakley became overnight a new townlet, with its row upon row of tents, the big marquees, and the loud speaker hut that beckoned us at infrequent intervals to dine, to the rousing rhythm of 'Colonel Bogey' (even now I salivate whenever I hear it played). How we used to quip about the proverbial fish cakes, and turn over again after 'Barkey's' car had 'tootled' us out of bed in the morning.

As we bade 'shalom' how many realised that we were travelling back into a world on the brink of war? For camp, despite its daily papers, was always a world on its own, where innocent gaiety and comradeship were as common as the blossom in spring, where the individual became part of a large family unit, and life seemed one long round of sleeping, eating, tracking, camp fires, games and sing-songs.

WAR!

The war shook the movement to its foundations and tested its resilience. The large centres which had previously fed the gedudim were now broken up, and scattered over England's minor towns and villages. Yet within a matter of months, the movement was back on its feet although the office files now bore the names of towns that had scarcely known a Jew before. At a time when Jewish education in general had suffered a serious setback, Habonim often provided the only means of keeping alive a Jewish atmosphere in the evacuation areas; and here the central office played an important role in maintaining contact and providing stencilled material that made Rosh Hashanah and Shavuot the only reminders of the pre-war years.

But, catastrophic as the war had been initially, it yet succeeded in stimulating the self same fighting spirit amongst the Jewish youth as it had engendered in Englishmen generally. New circumstances gave opportunities for new methods; evacuation paved the way for the war-time hostels; the forcible break up of the home made it easier for youngsters to go on Hachsharah, and the emergence of War Agricultural Committees

implied the continuation of camps during the war, with, if anything, a slightly easier financial set up.

BATIM AND BRAINWAVES

The Batim (hostels) were perhaps one of the major brainwaves that emerged from the trials of war. For so long we had complained of the diminutive influence we had over the bonim, with only one meeting a week. Now we had gained the opportunity of replacing the family by Habonim—a permanent hostel run by ourselves. Would we meet our expectations?

The answer came back clearly. First from the bonim themselves—"Here we are growing from ordinary Jewish children into true Jewish chaverim and perhaps the future chalutzim of Eretz Israel and the Jewish people. We are beginning to understand what the word 'chaver' means, to be able to give as well as take, and to have faith in each other and to live happily together."

Then the madrichim poured in success stories. "First came the Friday evening meal and service, with the tables bedecked with white cloths, flowers, colourful dishes, the candles and chalot providing a festive tone. Then followed that wonderful thing they called the Oneg. You sang and played games, watched others displaying their talent, and ended with some queer but lively war-dances. Gradually programmes were introduced: Ivrit and kvutza work, kriot and a novel type of drill in Hebrew."

It was a sad day when the Batim closed down; but more than a memory remained, for the positive educational achievements had stamped themselves on the characters of all who had passed through.

SPIRIT OF THE BILUIM

War time hachsharah was another instance of obstacles turned to our advantage. The restrictions and limitations placed upon the individual did not prevent chaverim from helping themselves by helping the Nation. The young group that first went to Lincolnshire were every inch chalutzim in the spirit of the Biluim. With absolutely no practical education in agriculture or domestic science, and with little or no preconceived notions of the detailed regulating principles of a collective community, they created their own completely new revolutionary society by sheer spirit and undaunted enthusiasm. Their amenities were poor; they lived for a time in shacks which had been used for housing German P.O.W.s of the 1st World War; heating and sanitation were primitive, the work was backbreaking, and the winter conditions agonisingly bitter. Yet the comradeship, the sense of responsibility and the cultural level grew perceptibly day by day,

so that far from shirking responsible burdensome tasks, the group faced them and carried them through.

But so many wonderful things happened during those war years; harvesting camps, pegshot, sparkling anniversary neshafim and Purim 'dos' at the kibbutzim that were finer than any London premiere. Capping all the war-time creations however, and a product peculiarly Habonim in form and execution was the 'Zig,' the satire par excellence, the skit that castigated everything from the government to the kibbutz administration, and all in a crazy 'Hellzapoppin' atmosphere that shook one literally off the seat. It is sad to think that such classics as 'Pearl Harbour,' 'A Short History of the Movement,' and the neo Shakespearian 'The Unhappy Tale of Coarse and Easy (Gorsey Leaze) and Stale and Ridgid (Staley Bridge),' should pass into history and leave not a wrack behind.



On the serious side of activities, the memorable year was 1944, the year of Ichud. We in Habonim had always claimed that we were the only Cholutzic youth movement in the country capable of appealing to the general public, and that duplication of youth movements only weakened the cholutzic work being carried out in England. Mishmar

Habonim, a movement which was the merger of four continental youth movements that had been carried over here by the pre-war influx, came to an agreement with Habonim that their parallel paths could with advantage be fused into one, and this common sense approach led to the unity of the two movements in June of 1944. No one would look back on that date with any misgivings.

Whatever Israel thinks to-day, the movement acts upon tomorrow. This watchword applied in equal measure to the campaign for the formation of a Jewish Army to fight against Hitler. Not only did we support the political struggle, but when at last a Brigade was formed we pledged 85 members, and those 85 came forward, from kibbutz and from town, to put Habonim on the map in yet another field. And after the war, when relief workers were needed to help ameliorate the tragic plight of the D.P.s, our chaverim were available, ever ready for the unpleasant, unheard of tasks that always go unrewarded.

V-day spelled the realisation of a pent-up hope for the accumulated mass of chaverim ready for aliyah. There could be no possible barrier to immigration now that the war had ended, and the years of hachsharah would now be put to practical and positive achievement. But Britain decreed otherwise, and the Yishuv was forced to operate Aliyah Bet. Our chaverim too, travelled along the same lifeline, undergoing the same privations, often providing the boost to morale that was so vital on these trips in the overcrowded boats that ploughed their way to a friendly shore, to be turned back by an alien force. From Cyprus too they wrote and told us how

that burning spirit of Zionism which had been kindled in England had not waned, but on the contrary, was their solace, their fuel for continued existence. How anxious we were, yet how proud, to count our own members, products of average Anglo-Jewish homes, amongst the olim of this important wave of Aliyah.

Naturally the return to peace-time conditions meant further organisational changes and an altered location of movement centres. The large pre-war centres of Jewry came into their own again as thriving pelagim, that had more than recovered the pre-war membership. One important feature of group administration had however undergone a radical alteration, for with the growth of hachsharah membership, the influence of the latter in the affairs of the movement had likewise grown. Leadership naturally fell therefore to those who had been on hachsharah or who intended going, and the movement, although retaining its broad framework which allows all Jewish youth to be incorporated within its ranks, emphasised its cholutzic aims.

Now, some 20 years after its hazy inception, Habonim has become the very essence of Zionist work in the Golah. With the State in being, political Zionist work is complete, and now it is the physical creation that must canalise our energies. High grade manpower, educated to the task, and virile enough to execute the work, is Israel's need. To-day we need another Vitkin 'Call to Youth' and we are confident that Habonim will respond.

AHAD HA-T'NUA

Moledet to Moledet



"I think you want just a touch of Hebrew."

"I agree."

The two moustaches turned, winked at each other, and yet

another piece of advice went scurrying back to 67 Great Russell Street.

That is more or less the kind of incident that occurs some 20 times a day, or should we say occurred, for with the 20th Anniversary of Habonim two old stalwarts of the movement take single tickets to Israel, and leave us with a very marked void in our educational team.

Yehuda and Ernst will probably be legendary figures round about the time the 50th anniversary turns up. I can just visualise a 2000 A.D. Boz scribbling out a few deft lines portraying 'the last room straight through.' The walls of the room will not be visible for posters, certificates, notices, displays, and derelict properties touched up for a new play and hanging up to dry. The floor, in between the maze of human feet, and

chair and table legs, will be thickly carpeted with paper cuttings, old song sheets and old paper copy, and (in one half of the room) cigarette ash. Scarcely visible through the sample of world Jewry cluttering up a very small office, will be two figures, bent over paper laden desks, facing each other.

For more years than they care to admit, these inseparable two have been working as a perfect team, helping and advising on every single aspect (and believe me there are quite a few) of youth work. Yehuda takes the choir, Ernst does the organisation, and the rest—choosing songs, drawing up the song sheets, is done jointly. And whilst we are on the subject of the choir it is as well to remember that its fame is in no small way tied up with 'the boys.' If ever I think of Yehuda it is always associated with a handle-bar moustache, the eternal cigarette stuck firmly to the lower lip and jerking erratically with it, and with a baton in hand, marshalling the choir through expressive gestures of hands and face.

Every year when first a mention of Chagigah is made no second mention would be dreamed of without prior discussion with "Youth Dept.," and anybody who has been in London just before a Chagigah knows exactly how vital they have been in the

rehearsals and the final performance. But these are the obvious things. What most people do not know is the extent to which all the members of the mazkirut have been helped in their day to day work. The rashei sh'chavot have obviously gained most, for they are in constant need of help on educational material and ideas for the publications. The J.N.F. organiser is naturally a frequent visitor; but in reality, anybody in the youth movements, who wishes a piece of friendly advice, whether it be on play production, translations of Hebrew or Yiddish, on drawings, songs, dances, the meaning of Yiddishkeit, or on the layout of a page, he will at once find a co-operative team that will deny him none of their considerable knowledge—which is no small thing.

This must again be one of those cases when sorrow fuses with abundant joy, as we wish Yehuda and Ernst and their families—Shalom, u'lehitraot.



The Palestine Movement

English Hechalutz Movement

First Farm Training School

In the Beginning..

..... there was Wilmington. That was our first hachsharah, with a complement of 4 chaverim who had taken the initiative in bringing Hechalutz to this country. And how exactly did it start?

Well, one Friday in 1933 an advertisement appeared in the *Jewish Chronicle* calling a meeting of all who intended going to Palestine as chalutzim. About ten people gathered together at the appointed time, and, strangely enough, or perhaps it was not strange at all—every single one there was a member of Habonim. They talked for a long time discussing how they could get to Eretz Israel and decided on two main courses of action—to write to Hechalutz in Poland and to contact the Zionist Federation.

Hechalutz replied that a chaver, a shaliach of Hashomer Hatzair, was on his way to London from America and would contact the group. At the Zionist Federation they had a very mixed reception. Brodetsky told them that it was a "good thing." Someone else tried to dissuade them. In the course of time Ben Tov arrived, met the group, and made two suggestions. One was to join the World Hechalutz officially, and the other to look around for a place of hachsharah.

Their quest ended in Wilmington. In January 1934, four chaverim, whose pictures appeared in the *Jewish Chronicle* of that week, became the first Kibbutz hachshara in England.

The second farm sprang up rapidly that same year just outside Manchester, with a complement of 15 chaverim. But the growing strength of Hechalutz demanded facilities that answered more adequately the requirements of hachsharah in this country. At last the pressure became so great that the Zionist Federation bought the farm in Harrietsham and opened the road to real hachsharah in England. This gave us the opportunity we had been seeking.

With lightning speed the Snif, fifty strong, called a memorable meeting to decide who was to go and who was to stay. 15 names were read out, and the expressions on the faces of each as his or her name was called are unforgettable. There had been two attempts at hachsharah by the Movement—neither very successful nor completely useless. Here, however, was our own meshek. True, there was no tradition, no routine, no practical knowledge, in fact none of those things which are to-day taken for granted. But there was spirit and tenacity; and now as we look back on those beginnings, we can feel nothing but pride in our English Movement.

Of course, since then much water has passed under bridges. War-time hachsharot have sprung up, and have closed



Our
First
Kibbutz

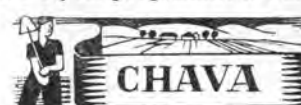
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down; certificates have become historical curios; Bosham, Reading, and Dial Post are accepted terminology in the Movement, and Hechalutz has an established and honoured place in the English community.

The conceptions of hachsharah have naturally changed appreciably, with regard both to duration and form. Then, the aim was to employ all on the farm. Now, the aim is to strike a balance between those engaged on the farm and those employed by local farmers. In addition there are differences between the three farms. The Eder Farm at Dial Post has 177 acres which are owned by the Zionist Federation. Here up to fifteen chaverim work on the meshek, and although there is a permanent manager, the chaverim themselves have some share in the overall responsibility for the running of it. At kibbutz Yeshayahu near Reading some 27 acres absorb only three chaverim, but there is no outside manager and the responsibility consequently falls heavier on chaverim. It is at kibbutz Shmaryahu, Bosham, that perhaps the reasonable mean has been struck. For here, on a 500 acre farm owned by Mr. Gestetner, about eight chaverim are employed, receive training through working with permanent skilled hands, but do not have the worry of running a farm.

Whatever the failings of our kibbutzei hachsharah, none will deny their vital position on the lifeline that links Britain with Israel. Their strategic role lies in their ability to convert town bred British Jews into pioneering rural Israelis. For every trained chalutz that we send to Aretz 3 or 4 more can be absorbed into non agricultural economy. Our kibbutzim are therefore some of the pillars on which Ben Gurion's 4-year programme is built.

OUR LATEST KIBBUTZ



COLLABORATION FOR STATE BUILDING

OUR generation, the so called post-war generation, is really a war generation. Our vocabulary of terms and concepts is a military one, and at times terminology affects us more than does actual thought. The word "struggle" brings in its wake the concept of heroism, and on the other hand the word "compromise" becomes almost synonymous with cowardice and arouses a non-aesthetic reaction.

Matters have reached such a stage that at times people consider it unnecessary even to weigh the merits of a proposal; if the proposal exudes a scent of "compromise" it automatically becomes taboo. There are groups in the Histadrut whose policies are motivated exclusively by this sense of "smell." The Left Poale Zion, for instance, content themselves with trying to stimulate the "aesthetic" sensibilities of the masses. They find, for example, in the negotiations between Socialists and Rabbis excellent material for witticisms and think thereby that they have solved our problems. In truth, he who is free of the obligation and responsibility to act can revel in imaginary class aestheticism and see in a witticism a 'revolutionary approach.' The path of the true revolutionary, however, is different. He is not impressed by cheap witticism, but is interested in purposive action, in fundamental social change, in real economic and social achievements. He refuses to place his fighting capacity at the mercy of crude terminology and political romanticism.

The history of the more recent revolutions abounds in cases of revolutionary romanticists who made no move without ascertaining beforehand that their deeds were in accordance with those of the conventionally accepted classical models—the French Revolution and the Paris Commune. Must we then welcome defeats only in order to fulfil our obligations towards class romanticism? No! We shall judge every suggested plan of action by whether it leads to strengthening the power of the worker, to raising the standard of living, to stamping the seal of labour upon society; and if not, then the devil with splendour, romanticism and tradition. I am not contemptuous of tradition, for tradition is the soil upon which all culture grows and in which revolution is nurtured. But each tradition needs criticism, even the young traditions of the labour movement.

The realisation of Zionism takes place within a class context with its clashing interests, but this process dictates a certain amount of class collaboration. The Left Poale Zion do not question the common destiny of all classes of our nation but they think that there is no necessity for any class collaboration. According to them, the Jewish capitalists will build Palestine in accordance with the dictates of their economic interests.

The Jewish workers will come to the country and will engage in battle in line with the "revolutionary" tradition of Jewish labour parties. The Jewish bourgeoisie will be

(This essay by Berl Katznelson, although written some years ago, in fact when the 'post-war generation' was post 1914-18 War, has as much, if not greater value to-day. At no time has it been more important to emphasise the need for unity of constructive effort in the building of the State, and the moral is sharply pointed here to those in the workers' movement who would dissociate themselves from the common struggle).

forced by historical necessity to build Palestine, and because it undertakes to construct an advanced capitalist economy in a backward feudal country, it must employ an advanced worker—the Jewish worker. And the Jewish worker, whom the capitalists of the country will invite, will fulfil his obligations also according to the dictates of his class interests. The Jewish worker will be free of the worries of upbuilding—that the bourgeoisie will do for him. He will be entirely free to wage his class struggle. The bourgeoisie will create for him the conditions for immigration. To the Left Poale Zion preparation for Aliya and Chaltziut only concerns people who have not yet attained class consciousness. The Jewish worker will not need Zionist Congresses, national funds, Zionist organisations, national colonization or anything which can exist only upon the basis of class collaboration and the "distortion" of class independence.

The Labour movement in Palestine adopted a different course, the course charted in the beginning by Socialist-Zionists, which acknowledged that no one class within the Jewish nation has enough strength to carry out the task of upbuilding. The Jewish capitalist is not enthusiastic about the pioneer function of building a new economy in a desolate country. And the capitalist who will come—in that measure in which the country offers him a field of activity—will not be enthusiastic about the expensive, rebellious, and usually unskilled Jewish labourer. Only the pioneering efforts of the movement, only the economic constructivism of national capital, only the active participation of the labour movement within the Zionist organisation, will lay the foundation for a broad, mass immigration and will ensure the influence and rights of the worker in the process of building the country. This is what we call class collaboration in Zionism.

Now we can summarize the results of the two historic paths. We can now pass judgment on everything which has been created in this country, every wave of Aliya, every

labour position, every accomplishment of the workers, and ask—through what power has all this been attained? Through the power of the pure "class struggle" of the Left Poale Zion, or through the power of all those efforts of construction revealed by the labour movement within the Zionist organisation?

The Zionist worker waged his class struggle within that organized national movement which Herzl created and in which Socialist Zionists participated from the very beginning. His was not the abstract struggle formulated in popular pamphlets; not an imitation of something that had been said somewhere at a distance. Our struggle was the fruit of the specific realities of pioneering, the child of the conditions and circumstances in which the Zionist organization and the Palestinian labour movement were conceived and developed; the expression of the vital needs of the worker, the immigrant and the Chaltziut in the country and the concretization of essential principles for the construction of a progressive and healthy national economy. These principles were deeply rooted within Zionist aspirations and the Palestinian worker proved their practicability. Within the Zionist organization, Socialist Zionists participated in the creation of the National Fund. Here the worker put forth the demand for Jewish labour and inculcated it as a fundamental national principle in the thought and activity of the Zionist organization. Here was waged the battle for labour colonization, and for the right of the settler to decide upon the forms of his organization according to his own wish and creative capacity. Here the worker fought for the colonizatory character of the Zionist budget, for the productivization of national capital, for the place of the worker-pioneer in immigration and the building of the country, for the right of the worker to educate his children in his own spirit. Here the worker waged an incessant struggle for the popular character of the Zionist organization and for the place of the labour movement in all fields of Zionist activity. Here the worker protected Zionism from political adventurism and from forms of economy and colonization foreign to the need of national upbuilding. Here as a result of our active participation, the isolated, strange and misunderstood handful became the principal force directing the Zionist movement.

Would the organization of Hechalutz, the redemption of the Emek and the construction of the co-operative economy of the labour community have been created without our active participation within the Zionist movement? Without the activation of Zionism by the worker-pioneer? And the Left Poale Zion, the extreme class strugglers

(Continued in column 3, page 10)

The War-Time



Batim 1940-45

In September 1939, the sirens sounded and the bulk of London Jewish children was scattered helter-skelter over the countryside—their chadarim and youth groups helplessly disorganised. They found themselves in a completely alien atmosphere, a darker Galut than they had ever been in before. The situation needed a new approach, and Habonim was the first to adapt itself to the new conditions. They found a house in Exmouth—the spirit of Hebrew invaded their lives—Hebrew slogans covered the walls—merry-making filled the rooms—Jewish studies—learnt to live together as a group—Shabbat and Yom-Tov transformed the Bayit—hostels opened up at Dawlish and Teignmouth—140 children, and another Bayit opened

The Batim were born of an emergency, and seemed at first to be only a stop-gap. They turned out to be a first-rate instrument of education towards a full Jewish life. Many chaverim now engaged on the sterner task of building Israel, will remember with gratitude their early training in our war-time Batim.

ONE of the greatest achievements of the movement arose from a negative phenomenon. Batei Habonim were brought into being as a result of war.

That which no other Jewish institution attempted to do for lack of finance, qualified personnel and sheer initiative—we went into, head first! The movement in town had suffered a crippling blow due to evacuation, we were almost financially bankrupt due to the 1939 jamboree, the leaders and older madrichim were being mobilised, many others left the movement immediately to concentrate on defence activities and the war effort, and we had decided to open two more hachsharot and fill them! In this situation we embarked upon the setting up of Habonim Hostels. We had to mobilise the madrichim, equip three houses to provide a normal life for nearly 50 souls in each, find the money to do so—and then find the kids. Luckily the parents had faith in us and entrusted their progeny to our inexperienced care.

By trial and error we learned the hard way. We attempted to imitate what we thought to be the perfect example of a children's community—the children's house in a kibbutz. We undoubtedly did far better in many respects, for I have since been able to judge this personally and can compare.

The life in Batei Habonim was intensive and the active day was long, the celebrations and festivals (both Jewish and domestic) were manifold; not a spare moment went unexploited. Within a framework of educational and cultural activities (in addition to normal schooling) designed to cover every possible aspect of Judaism, Zionism and scouting, there were the ever prevalent features of merry-making, of practical joking, of adventure in the open and a festive and happy group life inside.

We began to gain a name for ourselves in the Anglo Jewish community, and the parents and visitors from far and wide propagated (at large) their unique impressions. An official of the Ministry of Health, who paid us a visit, confided that we had succeeded where the general evacuation programme had failed.

We were almost at the point of having to close down for lack of funds, when financial help was organised and our future was secured. Development was rapid and the "chevrot noar" (youth



Mick and a group of chaverim

communities) in the hostels reached standards such as we had never dared to dream of.

Apart from attendance at school, where our children attained the highest standards in their respective classes, (thus adding unwittingly their quota to the spread of anti semitism), there was the organised educational and cultural programme in the "Bayit." This included Ivrit, Scouting, Jewish History, Tanach, Palestinography, Current Affairs, Jewish Customs and Practise, Zionism and Eretz Israel, Handicrafts, Gardening, Musical Appreciation, Hebrew songs (by the myriad), Acting, Folk Dancing, Habonim Ceremonial and many other subjects, directly and indirectly relevant to the upbringing of a 'movement' product. The effect of informal educational activity cannot be over-estimated. This was ever prevalent in the decorations on the walls, in the example set by the madrichim, in the symbolic celebration of festivals and above all in the structure of the children's community itself.

This community elected its own committees for toranut (chores), tarbut, vaadat chaverim, gizbarut etc. All matters affecting the chevra were decided upon in the weekly asepha klalit

(general meeting). Contact with the "outside world" was maintained by our active participation in local events, charitable and otherwise. We nearly created a sensation by giving an illustrated mesiba on "The Story of Jewish Music" in the Congregational Church.

We did make plans for the continuation of the hostels after the war, and their eventual conversion into Hachsharot Noar (youth training centres). Had this materialised, the manpower crises and problems would have been for ever obviated in the movement. But the fates were unkind and there was of course the conscription law which would have partially ruined our plans.

In our short but eventful history of 20 years, the advent of Batei Habonim is as outstanding a landmark as any other enterprise or operation ever undertaken by the movement. I venture to say that such an institution is as necessary to the evolution of Habonim to-day as it was then, but I hope it doesn't take another war to establish it again.

ASHER TREMBERG.



Educational Incidentals



WITH THE JEWISH BRIGADE

THE creation of the Jewish Brigade in the summer of 1944 found its obvious reaction in Habonim. Immediately on receiving the news that men from Britain could join this unit, it was clear to the movement that we would have to supply our quota of chaverim. The next few weeks found every Peleg and Hachsharah in deep discussion trying to decide not so much who should go, as who should not. The majority of chaverim of military age, reserved so far because of agriculture, war work, or because they were non-British, volunteered. This, of course, would have weakened the movement too much, and so a short list was drawn up which spread the burden equally over all groups.

The primary training was done in England and lasted for about six weeks. Afterwards we went on embarkation leave, and within two months of joining the army found ourselves in Italy. Wherever we went, our shoulder flashes created quite a stir and caused a lot of comment, most of which—if not favourable—was at least respectful. In Italy especially, the Palestinian units made a name for themselves for keenness and efficiency.

The Brigade was stationed at that time on the Italian border and we had to make the journey right across the country in order to join up with the main body. There we found the beginning of what later became such an important part of our life—"The ingathering of the remnants of Israel." Often somebody would recognize our flashes and reveal himself—a Jew. We had many embarrassing moments—often strange people would embrace us in the street, crying; others would touch our insignia with their finger tips and kiss them afterwards, as one kisses a scroll of the Torah. Unforgettable, but characteristic, was the old woman who put her head against the painted Magen David on one of

our lorries saying that only now did she feel that she was really free.

In Rome we made a special point of walking through the arch of Titus, with its reliefs showing Israel going into captivity.

In exactly the same way as with Olim going into Israel, we from Britain had certain difficulties in acclimatizing ourselves to the life of the Brigade. Those who came from hachsharot or youth movements, found it much easier than those who had no Zionist education. Although much of the official business of the Brigade was conducted in English, and nearly everybody could at least understand the language, the real life was conducted in Ivrit, and until we at least made an effort to learn, we were excluded from much that was going on. This, unpleasant as it was, helped those who were serious enough to acquire a working knowledge of Ivrit.

A few weeks after our arrival in Italy the Brigade was transferred to the Low countries, and stayed there until its disbandment in 1946. This was the time of the beginning of the disturbances in Israel on an increased scale, and it had its repercussions on us. Nevertheless, our relations with other units stationed in our area were usually of the best.

Our greatest experience in the Brigade was, however, the contact we had with the surviving Jewries. In many places, our boys were the first to establish a link with the remnants of European Jewry, and it was only natural that we should give all possible help, and 'a lot more.' Whilst to our Israeli comrades there was really nothing new in all this—just a question of degree—to most of those from Britain, who shared the insular attitude of the British people, this all came as a profound shock. Again, through letters and on leaves, this shock was passed on to the movement.

We visited the D.P. camps whenever an



opportunity arose, and we had close contact with the small communities which tried to re-establish themselves in the towns of Western Europe. A large percentage of the boys went on leave searching for their relatives, and occasionally one would find a father, a mother or a brother. Great moments occurred when seeing a transport off to Israel—another thing that didn't happen very often—officially.

Not only amongst the survivors did our presence provoke a positive reaction. Through our movements across the continent we came in contact with many Jews in the Allied Armies who were suitably impressed by the existence of Jewish units. If anything, the impression amongst the non-Jews was even greater.

When the Brigade was disbanded, the Israeli volunteers were demobbed, but the British element had to serve their full time. Since then, many have found their way to Israel, where they joined hands with old comrades in yet another battle—the battle that finalised the establishment of the State.

FRITZ LOWENS.



Left :
Brigadier Benjamin
and Major Wellesley
Aron visit the
Brigade.



Right :
The Brigade
on Parade.

CHALUTZIUT — A NEW EFFORT

THE time has come to ask what we want from this Council, and what the heads of the Zionist Movement have to say at this juncture, more than a year after the establishment of the State, on the question of assembling the Jewish people in Israel. I must confess that I felt particularly upset on realising that the main concern of members of the Council was: Is there still such a thing as Zionism, and should there still be a Zionist Movement? In my youth, I recall, we used to ponder on whether the Jews were a nation. I think that what we are doing now is very similar. Events in the Diaspora, and immigration to Palestine decided the old question; and the same thing is happening with the question of the Zionist Movement. I feel that the Zionist General Council should now concern itself primarily with two issues. The first is what the Zionist Movement should do to avoid catastrophe and complete bankruptcy in carrying out its main task to-day—the absorption of immigration. The second is what the Movement should do to ensure continued immigration to avoid our ever being in the position of having no immigrants and no pioneers for Israel.

The position in the Diaspora is critical, because the events of the past year have shown us that enthusiasm for the State of Israel does not yet mean that the Jews abroad are fulfilling their obligations towards Israel. We have heard from some of the American representatives that the Appeal has reached the figure of \$150 million, which is regarded as a tremendous achievement. To that I would say firstly that the figure is not \$150 million, and secondly, that Israel gets only half the sum collected. If you work it out, you will find that the wealthy American community has contributed approximately as much per capita as the Jews in the D.P. camps. If 60,000 D.P.'s contributed \$600,000 during the past year, I claim that that is the equivalent of 6 million American Jews giving \$60,000,000. And if 150,000 Jews in South Africa contributed \$12 million, it is proportionately ten times as much as American Jewry's effort. How can one talk of an increased effort if we obtained \$112 million two years ago, and now, after the War of Liberation and the establishment of the State, we are getting roughly the same amount? These are extremely dangerous symptoms; and we are not being honest with ourselves in facing the gravity of the situation.

I should now like to discuss the second issue. To-day we are dizzy with figures—20,000, 25,000, 30,000 immigrants a month. But neither we nor the Zionist Movement realise that, far from standing on the threshold of mass immigration, we are coming to the end of it. There are 70,000 Jews in Eastern Europe, excluding Russia, who are

(Since the establishment of the State, the World Zionist Movement has been groping its way to new aims. These extracts from the address of ELIAHU DOBKIN to the Zionist General Council set out our new tasks).

engaged in a bitter struggle. I hope I am wrong—I do not want to be a prophet of woe—but I greatly fear that we are now getting our last few thousand Jews from those countries. I am not talking in long-range terms but in terms of the near future. Do you not realise that it is doubtful indeed whether we shall be able to get all the Jews out of the Arab countries? For a long time past all our pressure, propaganda and political efforts have been directed to getting our unfortunate fellow Jews out of the D.P. camps in Europe. But we have only to get another 40,000 from there, and that problem is solved.

The crux of the problem is not whether immigration should be on a large scale or restricted. The question is, where will Jews come from if egress is barred from certain countries? That is why Dr. Goldmann is searching for a new, revolutionary content for the Zionist Movement. It is my conviction that we must all seek that revolutionary content with him, in order that we should know the obligations that devolve upon every member of the Movement. I see no other content for that revolution except immigration. Only the Jew who links his personal fate with Israel, whether this year or in the next five years; only the Jew who considers himself a future citizen of the State of Israel can be a Zionist. I do not say that we should decide on this now, but this should be the aim of the Zionist Movement. If our friends in America think that the utterances made here, to the effect that pioneers will not come from that country, were made in the name of the American Zionist Movement, they must realise that they will be held responsible for what is or is not done in Israel. They will be responsible for the success or failure of all those tasks which cannot be accomplished without a large pioneering movement. If all this is not done, they will be to blame.

I cannot possibly accept the theories that have been advanced here. The Jewish youth of America is no different from that we had in Europe. It is made of the same stuff and is capable of carrying out the same tasks. All we have to do is provide it with a different education from that which we have been giving it up till now. Who has decreed that only 600 pioneers should come from America every year? Why not tens of thousands? The sum of \$600,000 out of receipts from the American Appeal can be allocated to the Emergency Council for political work; but a few tens of thousands of dollars cannot be

found for Hechalutz to carry on pioneering work. Is that a serious approach? Does that indicate a serious desire? It is not true that Jewish youth was impelled to flock to Palestine in its masses only by persecution and ill-treatment. Those who went to Ein Charod and Degania, those who drained the Hula swamps, those who went out to the Negev five years ago, were not forced to go there; they could have stayed in Tel Aviv and Haifa. They were moved by a positive impulse; and I am convinced that we can instil that same positive impulse into American Jewish youth.

We have done something to move American Jewish youth as regards Zionist Education, Hebrew culture and the like. But what we ought to do is to send hundreds of emissaries to work among the Jewish youth throughout the United States. I have seen that this can be done, in South America, where a beginning has been made to exploit the enthusiasm of Jewish youth. That is yielding results, and a great deal more can be done. That is the only way. We must take in the entire young generation, imbue them with Hebrew culture and educate them to the ideal of coming to Israel as pioneers. Only then will we be able to solve the second problem and avert the danger of being deprived of large-scale immigration in the years to come.

Collaboration for State Building

(Continued from page 7)

who are so frightened of class collaboration, to what extent can they help the workers? What weight do they have for instance, in the battle against Revisionism? Cannot their isolation from the Zionist organization from motives of class "purity" be compared to stabbing a knife into the workers' backs in times of danger? There is no one like the Left Poale Zion for phraseological class loyalty. Had we listened to them and not participated in the Zionist organization and in the Knesseth Israel, they would have been deprived of their most admirable achievements and the labour movement of the source of its strength and creative capacity.

Any close observer who is not shackled by hatred or mummified formulae will understand that with us too the protection and the construction of our homeland go hand in hand with the class struggle and the constructivism of the worker. Our homeland is a homeland of labour for all Israel. It cannot be otherwise. A homeland will not be constructed upon speculation and absentee landlordism. The realisation of Zionism demands the transition of the Jewish masses to a life of labour. Class collaboration for the realisation of Zionism means the mobilization of the maximum forces within the nation for the construction of a homeland of labour.

- The Movement Grows In Israel -

SEVEN small dots on the map of Israel, that's all they are. But those seven spots are our treasure—a living treasure. They are the justification of our very existence as a youth movement. For in them is the flesh and blood, and the spirit, that grew and developed within our movement. On those seven vital patches of Israel's soil are the chaverim who have absorbed our teachings in Britain, and are turning them into reality in Israel.

The parent kibbutz of Habonim in Israel is Kfar Blum—what one would term in the Movement, an old, well established kibbutz. But even old kibbutzim have their beginnings, as instanced in this first telegram from Palestine. It read as follows :- "Directorate K.K.L. finally decided settlement kibbutz at Naame stop now beginning task establishing permanent home for themselves and those still to come stop first Habonim settlement Eretz Israel—writing—Kibbutz Anglo Balti—dated 23rd Aug. 1943."

People who visit Kfar Blum now still complain. The sanitation is not so good, or the housing problem is too acute. But all these are mild complaints, and are as nothing compared with 'old MO,' the terror of the kibbutz in the early days—the mosquito. Mr. Leopold Schen wrote of the chaverim that "they refused to take the easy way out, to take land in a safe and healthy area, but rather chose to reclaim the malaria infested swamp lands of the Huleh. I am sure that you can take the same pride that I do in the vanguard of the first English youth from the ranks of Habonim, who have proved equal to the finest pioneers the Yishuv has seen from other countries."

That our own chaverim did not simply agree, but positively pressed to go to the Huleh, is a function of things other than

just the 'British character.' It is the Habonim upbringing. To-day Kfar Blum suckles its own young. Our kibbutz at Mansura received its hachshara there, and now a new group is gathering itself together at Kfar Blum and has been doing its basic training.



Ben Gurion cracks a joke with the chaverim.

Of the seven centres in Israel, Kfar Blum, Mansura, and Hadera, are household words. But this does not mean that we have forgotten or indeed shall ever forget that Gal Ed, Maayan Zvi, Maayan Baruch, and Neot Mordechai are our kibbutzim every bit as much as the former. The difference of emphasis is a result of the difference only in the country of origin. For the complements

of the former three are mainly British born, whilst those of the latter are mainly continental, but trained in England, with the exception of the chaverim from Maayan Baruch who hail mainly from South Africa but have a fair sprinkling of English chaverim among them.

Mansura, which is little more than a year old, has followed in the fine tradition of Kfar Blum and has taken considerable pains to make our visiting group of chaverim welcome. These 25 chaverim, who are attending a 6-months course of study in Israel, and are spending part of that period working on the kibbutz, have been taken into the bosom of the chevra. They have been allocated a special madricha (guide) who will bridge the gap between Israel and England. Mansura at the moment is having some difficulties with regard to expansion as the land in the immediate vicinity is very stony, and the only good areas are some distance away. In addition, the Arabs who left have returned, and although friendly nevertheless still have Arab modes of behaviour. This particular spot of bother brought Prime Minister Ben Gurion to Mansura to have it out with the chaverim. Our picture shows him in conversation with Mike Cohen

So far all our settlements have sprung up in the Galil. At that time you couldn't be a pioneer unless you went to the Galil. Now with the emphasis on the Negev we may spread our influence over wider stretches of Israel. Maybe our group at Kfar Blum will opt to settle in the Negev. The suggestion has also been mooted that they settle in the Jerusalem corridor. But wherever they settle, and wherever future groups of British Habonim will settle, they will make the name of Habonim an honoured one in the history of Hityashvut in Eretz Israel.

HABONIM INSTITUTE - a New Venture

THROUGHOUT the fluctuations and variable factors in the long history of the Jewish people, the love of learning and the passion for transmitting our cultural heritage have always remained two of the most important constants. Beset by the greatest physical difficulties, the Jewish nation has stood steadfast in its devotion to the education of each succeeding generation, so that the student and the scholar have become part of the national ideal. In our own movement, too, the need to raise the standards of knowledge of our chaverim, particularly in relation to things Jewish, has become more urgent year by year, like an aching wound that cries out for redress. For years the idea of a cultural centre, where chaverim could imbibe such knowledge, was dreamed about, a remote Utopia that had no possibility of fulfillment. But now the practical difficulties have been overcome, and the new "Habonim Institute" is due to open in Manchester in January, to become, it is hoped, one of

the most important ventures the movement has ever dared attempt.

In form the "Habonim Institute" will consist of full time seminaries, lasting for three months, at which the selected students will devote themselves to concentrated study. The two main features of the course will be intensive instruction in Hebrew—to give the students a sound basis of the language—and Jewish history, with all the currents and vicissitudes, which have shaped our nation. But in addition great emphasis will be laid on a variety of subjects, designed at producing first-class madrichim and chalutzim, who will be strengthened on Hachshara and in the kibbutz by a deep cultural knowledge, both of their nation and of humanity in general. Subjects of study will include Zionist History, and Palestino-graphy; Jewish National thought; problems that beset the modern world in general, and the development of Israel in particular; Social economics and the structure

of Society; the growth of civilisation; and youth psychology and leadership. In addition to this more intellectual activity, students will have the opportunity of learning to appreciate music, art and literature, to participate in a choir and learn dances properly. Emphasis will also be laid on handicrafts and practical scouting. The aim is to produce chaverim, who, besides having a sound basis of real knowledge, will have developed a faculty for critical appreciation, and learned how to acquire knowledge for themselves. The project is an ambitious one, but with keen students it will be successful.

All chaverim who are interested in participating in the first Seminar are advised to write without delay to :-

The Mazkir,
Habonim,
67 Great Russell Street,
London, W.C.1.

The number of places is limited and applications must be received at once.

WITH AN AWL

If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve thee; and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing.

And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife and my children; I will not go out free, then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever. —Exodus 21.

IT happened in the second year after the Children of Israel went forth from the land of Egypt, in the ninth month of the year.

All around was the fearsome wilderness. But in this vast and awful desert, the footsteps of man could be seen. Along untrodden ways strayed the paths of the journeying tribes who had come up from Egypt; and the tribes were thirsting after freedom, and seeking their future. And they were journeying to take possession of a land.

And at the feet of the steep mountains and in the shade cast by the rocks were tents, in tens and hundreds; and the rest of the people who had no tents were scattered over the wide wilderness, in gullies, in caves, and in rocky clefts, and camped on the open plain. But they often raised their eyes to the 'Tent of Assembly' which was pitched at the top of the cloud-covered mountain.

Suddenly the blast of trumpets was heard, and after them, drums. The trumpeter continued, and the drummers followed suit.

And behold, the people were called together to assemble before one of the tents, and witness a strange sight which would be shown them.

And indeed it was a strange sight which they saw. Elzaphan ben Uziel, of the family of Kohat of the house of Levi, had crossed the Red Sea six years before, and bought a Hebrew slave, Yerak'am ben Rocham. He now intended to set him free, as his seventh year of service had arrived; but the slave refused to go, and clung to the corners of his master's tent so that no-one was strong enough to move him from there.

And the trumpeter blew on his trumpet, and the drummers rolled on the drums, and the people gathered round, and the priest also came.

And Elzaphan ben Uziel stood in the entrance to his tent and tried to persuade the slave; but the slave hardened his heart, and simply answered,—“I will not go free.”

Then the priest drew near, and persuaded him, and tried to show him what freedom and slavery mean; that a man is born to freedom and not to serve a master. But the slave answered doggedly—“I will not go free.”

And then one or two of the assembly came up to him and tried to persuade him; but he answered simply—“I will not go free.”

And Elzaphan ben Uziel tried once again to speak to him.

“Yerak'am! Can you tell me why you refuse to go free?”

“I love my master,” answered the slave with fawning servility.

“But I don't love you! See, you are despised in my tent—we have not spared you our spittle. We set the dogs on you; and your wife is the lowest of maid-servants. All

— By —

DAVID FRISCHMAN

day you are at everybody's beck and call, and now you suddenly discover that you love your master. Do you know what you are saying?”

“I love my master, my wife, and my son.”

“But surely you speak falsely. Is this not just an empty phrase to which you have become accustomed? We all know full well that you have always detested your wife and neglected your son. This is simply meaningless pretence. Would it not be far better for you to put an end to these empty words and to go free?”



“I love my master, my wife, and my son. I will not go free.”

“Very well—here is another suggestion: you need not go alone, but I will let you have your wife and your son with you. Will you go?”

“No. I will not go. I love my master; oh, how I love my master! I could not face life without my master. I will not go free. What is freedom to me? No, I will not go free!”

And the slave howled like a dog.

And suddenly the priest raised his voice.

“There is an end to the matter. I will not



allow another word to be spoken. We must now carry out sentence according to the Law.”

And the priest put on his white cloak and the girdle of the Ephod. And the crowd pushed and pressed from all sides to see what went on; and everyone who was short stretched on tip-toe.

“Bring the awl!” commanded the priest in a loud voice. And the awl was brought.

“Hold it in the fire until it glows!” added the priest.

“Let two witnesses stand forward,” instructed the priest.

And two men left the assembly and stood beside Elzaphan ben Uziel.

And the priest raised his eyes to the heavens, spread his palms, and said—

“Elzaphan ben Uziel! Here you have the despicable slave Yerak'am ben Rocham, whom you bought when you crossed the Red Sea six years ago. For six years he served you, and in the seventh year you intended to set him free. But Yerak'am ben Rocham, the despicable slave, refused to go free. This assembly is witness. Take then this awl; and take also your despicable slave, Yerak'am ben Rocham; and bring him to the doorpost at the entrance to your tent; and pierce his right ear against the doorpost; and let him remain pinned to the doorpost three days and three nights; and every man and woman who passes shall spit in his face; and on the fourth morning you shall remove him, and he shall be your slave for ever.”

And to the scribe who stood by him he said, “Write down and seal all this in your book, and let there be two witnesses, and these events shall be remembered with horror until eternity.”

And to Elzaphan he said—“Here is the awl!”

And Elzaphan ben Uziel of the family of Kohat of the house of Levi approached and took the awl from the priest; and he turned to the slave, Yerak'am ben Rocham, and brought him to the doorpost at the entrance to his tent, and pinned him by the right ear to the doorpost with the glowing awl. And he was the first to spit in his face; and afterwards every man in the assembly spat in his face. And the slave opened his mouth, and appeared to laugh with enjoyment when the spittle touched his face.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

THERE is a feeling abroad now that those peculiar qualities of youth—daring, romanticism, dogmatism, an untrammelled sense of justice—are very much on the decline, and have been so ever since the end of the war. As a normal human problem this would be critical enough. As a Jewish problem it is even more so, now that Israel places a heavy demand for chaltutzic aliyah; and what characteristics does this imply if not those of youth.

Firstly let us attempt to see how the rot set in. Are we by nature an odd generation of beings, or has the environment been such that the change from pre-war conditions has moulded a changed character? I imagine that we will all agree with the latter conclusion. In other words, if we can but substitute those essential conditions of the pre-war environment in to-day's, then we may yet stop the rot and set the stage for a rise in standards.

Lest this be misconstrued as a vague adherence to an outmoded 'back to the good old days' line of argument, it would be worth dipping back into our own short history to investigate this claim. Reminiscences from old times, mercaz minutes, articles in Kadima, and Iton HaVatikim all show a high cultural level. Ivrit was more often spoken and understood than not, Hakdashah and Madrega-shniyah - all tests that demanded at least a reasonable knowledge of Jewish things—were rigorously enforced. But perhaps the prime characteristic, the indicator of any mood somewhere on the scale between apathy and effervescing interest, was the degree of self-sufficiency in the groups and the participation of vatikim in the affairs of the world around them.

In comparing the picture now with the picture pre-war, I see two basic changes in the environment which are in themselves big enough to have caused a changed development. The first is something which confronts the rising generation both Jewish and non-Jewish in the liberal democratic portion of the globe.

In the inter-war years, the picture of world forces was a black and white one. It was clear that Hitler and Mussolini both stood behind the forces of evil, and it was equally clear that the Soviet Union was behind the forces of good. In the former instance, the peoples' interests were subjugated to those of the State, and in the latter the State's power was used to raise the standard of the individual. Both Germany and Italy had demonstrated their beliefs to the world through the wars in Abyssinia and Spain, and the savage treatment of Jews and liberal minded people. The Soviet Union had likewise demonstrated their principles of faith by helping Republican Spain, by forcing through sanctions against Italy during the Abyssinian campaign, and by

undertaking a colossal revolution in the lives of the Russian people that was to better their standard of living.

In the free democracies the people took sides; it was a clear choice between progress and reaction. The Labour faction supported Russia, the Conservative faction leaned towards the Hitler-Mussolini camp, and were responsible for the appeasement policy that weakened rather than strengthened the progressive forces.

It was difficult to be indifferent. For the German refugees were a fact; the annexations of the Saar, of Austria and Czechoslovakia were facts; the conquest of Abyssinia was a fact, and so was the war in China. In addition, home conditions were not easily brushed aside, and when a hunger march from Jarrow came through the district, you knew that there was no point in shoving your head into the sand. You had to contend with a situation that might soon engulf you, and that meant that you had to take sides. Besides which, a wonderful world presented itself after the destruction of these barbarian 'civilizations'—a world for which it was worth fighting.

The chavurot naturally reflected a keen political interest and were active in the anti-Mosley demonstrations, particularly the 'Cable Street' battle, and in the May Day marches. They fought for collective security and attacked the British Government for their criminal Palestine policy which culminated in the White Paper of 1939.

With the war came a concentration of the progressive elements into a fighting force. The army of the democracies was the broom that would sweep clean, and make the European site free for building that new world that we dreamed of. The aftermath has become a mockery. The world is still divided into two opposing camps, but this time the picture is no longer black and white. The free thinking youth in the liberal democracies are in a quandary as to which side to support. In America we have freedom of thought and speech, yet a Peckskill Affair can take place, a committee of un-American activities can sit in judgement, strikes, lockouts, and industrial unrest can shake the economic security of the worker.

In the Soviet Union, economic security is assured, but is freedom of thought and freedom of speech? Is deviation from the party line not an offence of the first magnitude?

These hazy pictures, neither of which attracts the progressive, together with the post-war cynicism that is a product of the present-day disillusionment, combine to set the seal of indifference on youth.

The second feature is specifically Jewish. The pre-war generation of youth was born into a very Jewish environment, either in the

heart of the 'East End' or in the new 'migration centres' of the Golders Green type. The 'East End' was the first point of contact in each town of the Russian and Polish Jewish immigrants, and the institutions that were created in these areas were modelled on the Talmud Torah, and Beth Hamidrash of the 'Heim.' The Hebrew education that was instilled into Jewish Youth bears no comparison with the standards of the 'Religious Classes.' Firstly attendance was required every day and Sunday. Secondly, the methods used were such that Hebrew became fluently spoken at the age of 13. Thirdly, home background tended to be, if not religious, at least Yiddish. This Hebrew education and the secular high school created a type of 'Maskil,' i.e. a modern educated Jew whose assimilationist trend was curbed by the Hebrew content. And even those who were born in the 'migration' areas, could usually reckon on an 'East End' beginning not so far back. At least not too far back as to have lost all traces of yiddishkeit.

It is no surprise therefore that those pre-war vatikim demanded and set a high cultural standard. It is no wonder that their Zionism was not just a cool logical belief, but a burning faith.

To-day, the generation of the Talmud Torah has outgrown Habonim. Now it is the era of the religious classes or no classes at all, and far from the Movement thriving on a Hebrew culture, it must provide one.

How may we tackle our two-fold problem? To combat political apathy we need to re-awaken faith in some belief. For us that belief is chaltutzit, and we must not be afraid to preach such a doctrine to our fellow Jews outside the ranks of the movement.

To revive our Hebrew cultural standards we need to redouble our efforts to bring Jewish children at a very early age into the scope of a modern Hebrew course. Teach the youngster Hebrew and you have gone 70% towards creating a Zionist, and since charity begins at home, we in the Shichvat Havatikim, realising our deficiencies, must take the plunge first. If we can start the Hebrew 'fashion' we shall be well on the road to renaissance.

This, the 20th year of our existence, calls to mind all the other far-fetched ideas that resulted in practical achievement. We had 'chutzpah' to undertake the running of four Batim when we had no money. Now once more we are called upon to have vision. Wherever the teaching personnel is available we must strive for the formation of a Habonim Talmud Torah. Hebrew literature must become more avidly read in chavurot, and an attempt made to introduce Hebrew literary writing. When such a stage has been reached, then, and then only will Anglo-Jewry's fate be consciously linked with the fate of Israel.

HERMIE PEARLMAN.

GREETINGS TO ISRAEL

<p>GLASGOW Mr. Comens to Anna at Mansura.</p>	<p>LEEDS Mr. and Mrs. Richman to Maishi and Shmuel at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Silver to Thelma and Chaim with the garin at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Wartski to Sam and Sheila, and to Sam Berke.</p>
<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Serkes and Naomi to Rena at Mansura.</p>	<p>CARDIFF Mr. and Mrs. Erenberg to Eric at Mansura.</p>	<p>LEEDS Mrs. R. Farber and family to Ena, Martin and grand-daughter at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Bechler to Bobbie and Paul at Kfar Blum.</p>
<p>LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Leo Levy to Anne-lise and Bob at Mansura.</p>	<p>LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Salinger to George at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and Sheila, Mr. and Mrs. Gorty and Peter, and Auntie Pearl to Hadassah, D'van and Dalia at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Rubin to Leslie at Mansura.</p>
<p>LEEDS Mr. and Mrs. Banks to Avram, Miriam and Tamar at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Kellerman to Dago, Ingrid and baby with the garin at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gould to Gay with the garin at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. Goldberg and Frank to Heini and Hilde at Gal-Ed and Family Zvi Racheli at Tel-Aviv.</p>
<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. S. Trilling to Eric, Esther and grandson at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Michaelson to Herbert at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. L. Bernstein to Henry, Mick, Netta, David and Vanessa at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Wexler to Esther at Mansura.</p>
<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Rubinstein to Helen and Ivan Levine at Mansura. MAZELTOV!</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Pearlman to Leila with the garin at Kfar Blum, and to Hindel.</p>	<p>LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Samuels and Vicki send their love and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rodney.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Bordoley and family to Shalom, Leah and children at Kfar Blum.</p>
<p>MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. C. Epstein to Gershon and Shosh at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Solovitch to Shlomo with the garin at Kfar Blum.</p>	<p>LEEDS Mr. and Mrs. L. Berkovitz to Mattie and Izzie at Mansura.</p>	<p>LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Pink to Yoel, Gertie and babies at Mansura.</p>
<p>SOUTHPORT Mr. A. Epstein to Gershon and Shosh at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mrs. Landau to Vivienne and Henry.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Lowenthal to Eli at Rechovoth.</p>	<p>MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Norman M. Jacobs to their daughter Ruth.</p>
<p>LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Philips to Gershon and Rosa at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. S. Honey to Michael at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Kochan to Miriam at Mansura.</p>	<p>EDINBURGH Mrs. Segal to Reeva and Jack at Mansura.</p>
<p>LIVERPOOL Sylvia, Philip and Leslie Levy to Gershon and Shoshanah at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Nadel to Peretz at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mrs. Guissin to Tanny at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. F. Mendelsson to Steven and Nadia.</p>
<p>SOUTHPORT Mr. and Mrs. S. Epstein to Gershon and Shosh at Mansura.</p>	<p>LEEDS Mr. and Mrs. A. Glassar, on the occasion of the 20th Anniversary, wish their daughter Ruby every success and happiness.</p>	<p>BRIGHTON Mr. and Mrs. May to Sylvia at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mrs. Berke to Sam and Sheila. MAZELTOV! Mum and Rita.</p>
<p>SOUTHPORT Mr. and Mrs. H. Flacks to Gershon and Shosh at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert to Maurice at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. M. Seal to Bernard at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mrs. Millin to Annette and Chaim at Mansura.</p>
<p>SUNDERLAND Greetings from Minnie, Solly, Mayer, Jonathan and Gershon to Gershon and Shosh at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Remembering that Habonim and Beryl were born in the same year, Family Zawadski send best wishes and love.</p>	<p>LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs to Esther at Mansura.</p>	<p>LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Crafchick and Leslie to Eric, Rose and baby Ruth at Kfar Blum.</p>

Zionist Greetings

Finsbury Park Zionist Society	<p style="text-align: center;">GREETINGS TO HABONIM on your 20th Anniversary THE HONORARY OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COUNCIL of the ZIONIST FEDERATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>GREETINGS and BEST WISHES . . .</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">FEDERATION of WOMEN ZIONISTS</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">GREETINGS FROM THE POALE ZION, JEWISH LABOUR PARTY, YOUNG POALE ZION, 2 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1. and the ZIONIST WOMEN'S LABOUR ORGANISATION 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>CARRY ON THE PIONEERING WORK!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">HECHALUTZ B'ANGLIA ORGANISATION OF JEWISH PIONEERS FOR ISRAEL</p>		Dublin Huldah Zionist Group
Bournemouth Zionist Society			Golders Green Zionist Society
Brighton and Hove Zionist Society			Geulah Zionist Society
Edgware Zionist Society			Addiscombe and District Zionist Society
Edgware Women's Zionist Society	<p>BACHAD sends greetings to the 20th Anniversary of Habonim with best wishes for your future effort for Binyan Haaretz.</p> <hr/> <p>BNEI AKIVAH sends greetings on your 20th Anniversary. We wish you success in continuing our common efforts for Chal- utziut.</p>	<p>HASHOMER HATZAIR con- gratulates you on your 20th Anniversary. May you go from strength to strength in your chalutzic achievements.</p> <hr/> <p>FEDERATION OF ZIONIST YOUTH sends hearty greetings on your 20th Anniversary. Chazak! Chazak! Venitchazek!</p>	Ilford and District Women's Zionist Society
New West End and Bayswater Zionist Society			North-West London Women's Zionist Society
Hendon Zionist Society			Hampstead Zionist Society
Hendon Women's Zionist Society	<p>Greetings and best wishes from North-West London Zion House Committee</p> <hr/> <p>North-West London Poale Zion</p>	<p>Greetings to Habonim Theodor Herzl Society</p> <hr/> <p>Greetings and best wishes on your 20th Anniversary Kingsbury and District Zionist Society</p>	New Leeds Zionist Group
Blackpool Women Zionists			West London Zionist Society
Stamford Hill and District Zionist Society	Hampstead Garden Suburb Women's Zionist Society	Swiss Cottage Women Zionists	Hammersmith and District Women's Zionist Society
Muswell Hill Zionist Society	<p>Dublin Daughters of Zion</p>	<p>Congratulations to Habonim on its 20th Anni- versary. Executive Israel Histadruth Committee</p>	Whitley Bay Zionist Society
Clapton Zionist Society			Tottenham Women's Zionist Society
Birmingham Zionist Society			Preston Zionist Circle

HABONIM PARADE



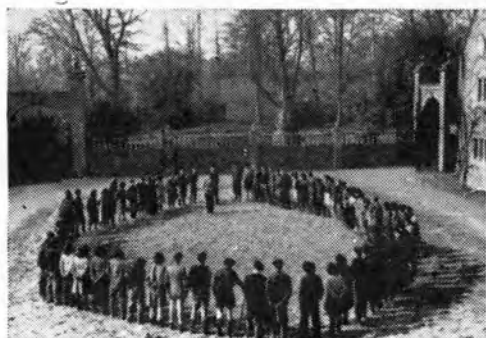
Rambling Camp - 1948

ONCE A YEAR
AWAY FROM
IT ALL - THE
OPEN ROAD

Bexhill Camp - 1946



HABONIM
REVIEW
IN
PICTURES



Madrichim Seminar - April, 1947

For 20 years the yearly cycle has revolved:
Camps, Chagigot, Seminars. Interspersed—
the highlights—ICHUD Rally, BATIM . . .

Chagiga - February, 1949



Stoke Park, Northampton



IM DE



Trek Cart - 1949



★
War-time
Batim
1940-45



Ichud Rally - June, 1944



חגיגת...הבונים



★
Malvern
Camp
1947



Greetings from Glasgow

Glasgow Vaad Lemaan Habonim congratulates Habonim on its achievements in Israel, and sends best wishes for the future of the Movement.	Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolfson and Family send their good wishes to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary, and greetings to all chaverim in Eretz.	Diane and Larry Lewis greet their chaverim in Habonim, and together with their parents send their good wishes to those chaverim in Eretz.	Joy Jacobson together with her parents Mr. and Mrs. P. Jacobson send their greetings to the Movement and special good wishes to those chaverim in Israel.
The Glasgow Zionist Organisation sends greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Benita Golombok sends greetings to all her chaverim in Habonim, and special greetings to chaverim in Israel.	The Glasgow Women's Zionist Organisation sends their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary and special good wishes to chaverim in Israel.	Linda and Carol Mandel together with their parents Mr. and Mrs. P. Mandel send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.
Glasgow Committee of the J.N.F. sends greetings and best wishes to Habonim on the 20th Anniversary.	Dr. and Mrs. Fred Stone and David send their good wishes to the Movement, and special greetings to their relatives and friends in Israel.	Maurice Wolfson together with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Wolfson send their good wishes to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Lydia Oppelman together with her parents congratulate the Movement on its 20th Anniversary.
Greetings to Habonim from the Glasgow Committee of the Joint Palestine Appeal.	Hannah and Harold Levy send greetings to the Movement and to all their friends in Israel.	Frances August together with her parents Mr. and Mrs. M. August send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Arnold, Hazel, and Michael Rosin together with their parents Mr. and Mrs. I. Rosin send their greetings to the Movement.
The Cina family congratulates Habonim on its great achievements, and sends greetings to Joe at Mansura, and to all relatives and chaverim in Israel.	Mr. Robert Epstein sends his greetings to the Movement on its 20th Anniversary.	Maureen Hyman together with her parents send their good wishes to Habonim on attaining their 20th Anniversary.	Glasgow Tarbut sends greetings to former members in Israel and best wishes to Habonim.
The Glasgow Poale Zion greet Habonim on their 20th Anniversary, and send "special Hazak Ve'ematz to all its chaverim in the kibbutzim in Eretz."	Mr. Charles Hochfield congratulates Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Irene Burton together with her parents Dr. and Mrs. I. Burton send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Greetings to Habonim from Mr. A. Links.
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burton send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Pearl Sclar together with her parents send their greetings to the Movement on its 20th Anniversary.	Linda and Alexander Stein together with Dr. and Mrs. R. Stein send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woolfson, Judith and Michael greet Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.
Mimi Symons sends her greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary, together with the good wishes of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Symons.	Harry and David Bernstein together with their parents Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Bernstein greet their chaverim in Habonim and all their friends in Israel.	Shirley Silver together with her parents send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. S. Shur send greetings to Henry, Ettie, Anna, Albert and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, North London.

Greetings from Liverpool

Liverpool Branch of Poale Zion sends greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	Greetings from Liverpool		Mr. and Mrs. Sonnabend send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Swift send greetings to the Movement on their 20th Anniversary.			Mr. and Mrs. Pink send greetings to Shim and all members of Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
Princes Road Synagogue Guild send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	Liverpool Young Zionist Society sends greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. Clumpus send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. S. Samuels and Vicki send greetings to Kfar Blum and Mansura on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.
The Liverpool Zionist Youth Council sends greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. L. Davidson, Irene and Esther send greetings to the Movement on their 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. Sorensen send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	Mr. and Mrs. Greenhill send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.

Greetings to the Hachsharot and Batim

LONDON Mr. and Mrs. G. Schramm to Harry and all chaverim at the Eder Farm.	LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Greenhill to Sammy and all chaverim at Bosham.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Ruth to Louis and all the chaverim at all the hachsharot.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Pearlman to Hermie and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, North London.
GLASGOW Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller to Perle and Bernard and all chaverim at the Eder Farm.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. M. Kaye to Frank and all chaverim at Bosham.	LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Crystal to Fay and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, Manchester.	LONDON Mrs. E. Bernstein to Bella and Boris and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, North London.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. E. Shindler to Max and all chaverim at the Eder Farm.	MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Nahum to Valerie and all chaverim at Bosham.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Golker to Ivor and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, Manchester.	MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Flax and daughter to Arnold and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, North-West London.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. S. Salinger to Nita and all chaverim at the Eder Farm.	LIVERPOOL To Steffi and Julian. Take with you our love and best wishes for your future life and happiness in Israel. Uncle, Auntie and Vicki.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Pope to Ivan and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, Liverpool.	LONDON Mr. Shmaltzman to Ginger Greenspan and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, North-West London.
LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Band to David and Yetta and all chaverim at the Eder Farm and Reading.	BIRMINGHAM Mr. and Mrs. S. Stockland to Sheila and all chaverim at Reading.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Frisch and Betty to Zvi at Beth Habonim, Glasgow, and to all members of Habonim.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal to Zelda and all chaverim at Beth Habonim, North-West London.

Greetings to Israel

Greetings from London and the Provinces

LIVERPOOL Mrs. Keidan, Mimi and Deirdre send greetings to Ronni at Kfar Blum on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.	HARROGATE Harrogate Women's Zionist Society.	HARROGATE Gedud Deganiah to all members of Habonim, here and in Israel.	MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Casket send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. S. Rosenblatt send greetings to Steffi and Julian Segerman on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.	BIRMINGHAM Mr. and Mrs. Spiers and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	LONDON Bob and Harold Pollins send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Rosenzweig and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. Shifrin send greetings to Gussy and Dennis at Mansura on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.	LONDON Mr. A. L. Weinstein sends greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Lowens and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Flax and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. S. Rosenblatt send greetings to Gussy and Dennis Shifrin at Mansura on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.	BRADFORD Mr. and Mrs. Cainer and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	LONDON R. Heber and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	MANCHESTER "The Zionist Women's Labour Organisation in the Manchester Branch" sends greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. S. Rosenblatt send greetings to chaverim at Mansura and Kfar Blum on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.	BRIGHTON Mrs. E. Scharff sends greetings to Frank Crown and all members of Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	LONDON Greetings from Colibri Press Ltd., High-class printers. Phone NORTH 2644.	MANCHESTER Mr. and Mrs. Brumer and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
LIVERPOOL Mr. and Mrs. L. Valins and family send greetings to Hadassah, D'van and Dalia at Kfar Blum on the 20th Anniversary of Habonim.	OXFORD Dr. and Mrs. L. Guttman and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	SHEFFIELD Mr. L. Moore and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.	ST. ANNES Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynn and family send greetings to Habonim on their 20th Anniversary.
LIVERPOOL Greetings from Beth Habonim, 21 Croxeth Rd., to all chaverim.	CARDIFF Mr. and Mrs. Jack Corne and family send their greetings to Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.	LONDON Mr. and Mrs. Newburger to Richard and all chaverim at Bosham.	LONDON Mr. Sovin and family greet Habonim on its 20th Anniversary.

LOOKING AHEAD

REVIEW BY THE MAZKIR

A NEW era dawns. Is it coincidence that our decision to splash 'twenty years of the movement' should bring not only the timely and long overdue publicity which we had deliberately planned, but the very unmistakeable feeling of standing at the end of a period of history, shading our eyes to observe the shape and direction of our future path?

Another article in this issue sketches our movement's past history; its growth from the early scouting stage to one in which the conversion of every member from an English Jew to an Israeli chalutz is its primary aim; an aim which has carried with it the singleness of purpose necessary to carry through this revolutionary idea, and while leaving us uniquely free to embrace all who will join our ranks has been finally selective in demanding 'hagshama' of its faithful members. Our past policy has produced that great chain which stretches from our newest gedud in Sutton to the most recent 'mifal' of our movement in Israel.

Our Movement To-day

On the eve of our decision to carry out an expansion campaign to double our ranks, we number about 3,250 chaverim, organised in 35 pelagim (ranging in size from Southend to Manchester), three kibbutzei hachsharah, and five Batei Habonim. Two hundred and eighty chaverim are engaged on educational work, and every year a thousand chaverim attend camps for a period of two weeks to a month. In each of the past four years we have smashed our J.N.F. Targets (which an enterprising J.N.F. Youth Department has raised by £500 increases to the present £4000).

Since the end of the war over 550 chaverim of Habonim have gone through the ranks of Hechalutz to Israel. Most of these chaverim are to be found to-day in the Israeli Forces or on one of the seven main kibbutzim in which Habonim is represented. Our numbers would be considerably larger if they included the many ex-members of Habonim who went privately on Aliya, and with whom we have unfortunately lost contact. There are nearly 120 chaverim in this country who are at present undergoing (or have done) hachsharah, and approximately 400 chaverim have undergone hachshara since 1945, at which time six Habonim hachsharot existed in England.

If the foregoing remarks seem to reflect pride, it is justified only in consideration of the struggle the movement waged for every

chalutz, and for every ounce of moral and practical support given by the community.

What are our Problems?

At the end of World War II our senior ranks included a vast accumulation of chaverim educated in movement leadership. We little realised that the urgent calls of Aliyah and the permanent drain of call-up would leave us so deficient in senior chaverim to carry on administrative and educational work. However, the problem exists, and we must be sufficiently realistic to face the fact that it will grow. Responsibility for the movement will rest with younger chaverim. It is this factor, together with the problem of a lower standard of knowledge among present madrichim and chaverim on hachsharah, which has led us to search for new ways of educating chaverim and madrichim. Basically we know that self-education and simple study groups (chugim l'madrichim) are the cornerstones for the rebuilding of our standards. However, it is the need to provide continual nuclei of leaders which led to the idea of establishing a permanent Habonim Leaders Training Institute, which will provide a three month study course for young chaverim. It is expected that the Institute will open in Manchester in January 1950.

Scholarship schemes have until now been our main educational props, and in this respect we would very much welcome a specifically Habonim scheme to Israel; but it is abundantly clear to us that schemes mean nothing if unaccompanied by hard work. We must rely on the virile efforts of every madrich in the country to equip himself with the knowledge he needs and use his energy in putting it over effectively.

Organisation and Finance

We have never been too successful in our organisational or financial affairs. In the sphere of organisation we must admit that great improvement is possible. Publicity, continuity, economy, general organisation—it is one of our present tasks that these be consistently improved and perfected. But a note of warning! Until now movement organisers have always remained chalutzim who have been taken to do an educational job of work. One of the keys to our success has been that movement leaders have always set the example, and every chaver in the movement knows that the ex-madrich goes—not to a desk in Tel Aviv—but to the stones of Mansura.

The movement's financial problem pre-

sents other difficulties. Our own poor efforts at self-support have been equalled in failure only by those of the community. Had an earlier appreciation of 'Zionist youth work' existed, not only might our foundations have been firmer, but our achievements and chalutzic contribution to Israel might have been ten times as great. Dare we hope and suggest that the interest which is awakening in youth work will crystallise itself into 'The mifal of English Zionism'? Too long have we had to fight for every chalutz and every penny. With the community behind us, with strongly organised Friends of Habonim throughout the country to support us, and with a personal re-orientation in every Jewish family, as to its future home—Israel or Galut—we shall never again need to look to the past for our achievements.

The Task Ahead

I introduced this article—A New Era dawns. Present day Anglo-Jewish youth stands at the gate of history. A push and a helping hand from us will decide whether they are together with us in building the future of our people in Israel, or whether they wander back along the dead-end Galut road to a fate which certainly presents no cause for optimism. Wherein lies our duty? To continue our *modest* work, or to make the supreme effort to save every English Jewish youngster for Israel?

One thing is clear. There exists only one movement, by nature of its methods and aims, which can reach out to every Jewish youngster in this country. That movement is ours. The task of bringing them on our road must be the responsibility of every one of us, whether Boneh, Tzofeh, or Vatik. Our aim is not to build a mass movement for purposes of achievement or 'coved,' but in order to assure the future of Anglo-Jewish youth and Israel.

We must not ignore possible dangers. *This aim will gain us nothing if in pursuing it we forsake our specifically chalutzic direction.* Some there will be who will say, "To achieve this task we must become more general. Drop hachshara, let us concentrate on getting as many as we can to Israel." To them the answer is a simple one. In our growth from a small to a large movement, we have consistently guarded a) our independence, b) our willingness to accept all types, and c) our singleminded chalutzic direction in aim and education. It is still possible to tackle the tremendous task challenging us and retain our past clarity of action.

BRITISH JEWRY'S FUTURE

FIRST PRIZE

EVERY generation born of English Jewry becomes, by nature of the tolerant environment in which it exists, less deeply attached to Judaism. This very tolerance, while enabling the Jews to live comparatively normal lives, tends to make them forget the religion of their forefathers which, in past ages, has clung most fiercely in times of greatest persecution. The result is a gradual drift towards assimilation, a lowering of religious and ethical values, which is weakening the moral fibre of British Jewry. If this continues, much the same thing will happen as was happening to German Jewry who, before the unhappy rise of Nazism, sought to cut themselves off from their people and described themselves, not as Jews, but as "Germans practising the Mosaic Faith."

The answer to all this, as is obvious to anyone who looks beyond the confines of his own generation, is positive Zionism culminating in Aliyah to Israel. With the decline of religious influence, Zionism is the only means by which pride in one's own nation may be rekindled. An interest in Zionism re-creates the awareness that one is a Jew—Herzl and Nordau were of the typical assimilated German type before their Jewish consciousness was re-awakened by the call of Zionism.

The comparison between Israel and any Diaspora country, even a land like Britain, noted for the absence of large scale expressions of anti-semitism, is something which cannot adequately be expressed. I think a good illustration of it is provided by the story of an English Jew who went into an Israeli synagogue which was possessed of a fine choir. All the windows of the synagogue were open wide and the choir could be heard for miles around; such a thing would not be possible in England. There would be none of that maddening patronising by Gentiles, when they say "I don't like Jews, but you're all right." A full and happy life in a country where one is merely tolerated is impossible, and the obvious alternative is emigration to Israel. All the Defence Councils and Councils of Christians and Jews, in the world, cannot come anywhere near to the total eradication of anti-semitism. This will come only when the Jew is respected and treated as an equal, instead of being patronised. We will achieve this if we build up Israel to a nation which will be respected throughout the world—a nation which it will be possible to mention in the same breath as France or America, and which will be looked up to as an example of a great people reborn. British Jewry, especially the younger generation, have their own special contribution to make to this great task. Raised in a comparatively normal environment, they will provide a much needed steadying influence, and thus play their part in the resurrection of the Jewish Nation.

PHILIP FELDMAN,
21 Kingswood Gardens, Leeds 8.

SECOND PRIZE

WORLD Jewry in its present form is highly important to the State of Israel. If it were liquidated, Israel would have no substantial friends for financial help. That help comes mainly from Americans, and to a certain extent, English sources. There is no doubt that there will be always an American Jewry, in spite of constant emigration to Israel, and assimilation; but what of English Jewry? Will they all emigrate in time, or will a third world war solve the problem, or will the British Government expel all Jews? No one knows yet, but here are some of our ideas on the subject.

There are four hundred thousand Jews in Great Britain. These can be divided into three classes.

Firstly, there are those Jews who wish to go to Israel and are able to do so. They are mainly young people who have been educated along the lines of Zionism, and are eager to carry out their ideals, as well as veteran Zionists who go there to enjoy the fruits of their labour in the Galut. These then obviously do not enter into the problem.

Secondly, those who for the same reasons as the first group wish to emigrate to Israel, but are prevented from doing so for various reasons, such as financial difficulties. It is only a matter of time before they leave England. After all priority cases have been dealt with they will be aided in emigration.

Finally, there are those who have no intention of leaving this country. These again may be divided into three groups.

There are some orthodox Jews, well established here, who for that reason do not wish to emigrate. Since there are only a few in this group, and they are widespread in this country, they will ultimately drift from their orthodoxy and assimilate with the English.

The second group is similar to the first, in as much that their ultimate end lies in the same direction. They are Jews who are not sufficiently interested to go to Israel, or to carry on a religious life here.

There remain only the Liberal Jews, non-Zionists, but nevertheless sincere in their idea of the religion. Their trend will not be so much towards Israel, as to remain in England, because they feel that Israel should be regarded as a home for homeless Jews. It is doubtful whether many of their number will assimilate as they are a close community and constantly growing.

As we see it then, the future of British Jewry lies in the way of Liberal Judaism.

JOCHANAN FRANK.
Hechalutz. RUTH WHINE.

TZOFIM!

This competition is open to you all.
The subject for next year will be
announced later.

Each year, in memory of John Harris, one of the first chaverim of the Habonim Movement, his parents award a prize to the Tzofeh who writes the best essay. Not only did John help to educate younger chaverim towards life as real Jews in Eretz Israel, but he himself, as soon as he had the opportunity, went to spend his life there. But his one burning aim in life was soon quenched, for at the early age of 24, John died. This memorial to a grand chaver is a live one, showing the clear thoughts of our younger chaverim who are seeking their way through life as John did.

MATTER of PRINCIPLE

By Nathan Alterman.

Freely translated by Misha Louvish.

"Jerusalem is a part of the State of Israel."
(Declaration of Israel Minister in U.S.A.).

Long ago lived a man whose ideas were queer
(But then history had only begun).

He was thoroughly mad for he would always
say

That the head and the body are one.

Now the scholars they came from their caves in
the plain,

And they told him in words by the yard,
That the head is a precious and separate thing,
And must have a separate guard.

But the man, in despite of all tactical laws,
Wouldn't hear of this sensible plan.

And insisted that if you hold on to your head
You are much more complete as a man.

But the speaker just banged on the table with
force,

And said, if he valued his skull
For reasons of honour or even prestige,
He would get compensation in full.

He would get compensation and let it be said,
He'd get full and free access to visit his head,
Even this didn't please this obstinate man,
He insisted it wasn't a practical plan.

"If you're talking of spots that are holy"
he said,

"There is value in such legal writs;
But no one is such a good guard for his head
As the man on whose shoulders it sits."

Then the speaker declared, "Let us question
the head,

For it must have its own point of view"
But the man simply smiled, and he said, "Is
it not

Just the head who's been talking to you?"

And the people declared, as they laughed at
the fun

"It's a fact
That the head and the body are one!"
What a crazy discussion, dear reader! But
still

Do not wonder at their foolish ways.

This was all in the dawn of the history of man,
And it can't happen now, in our days!



THE story I'm going to tell you this time is not on something that occurred to me, but is merely the written and translated version of a story told to me last week when quite accidentally I met an old acquaintance of mine. I'm giving you this story because it reflects well the spirit of the country at the present moment. It shows the Kibbutz Galuyot—the mass immigration—with its attendant difficulties of absorption, of language, of the utilisation of the knowledge which the sons of 60 different countries bring with them. And it also gives you a little insight into how the Israeli Army operates its intake of men and raises its standards of training almost daily—one reason for the victories which caused so much surprise abroad.

I'll call him by his real name,—Fishel—because he's a kibbutznick and he won't mind. He was born in Poland, and during the World War he fought with the Red Army. I first met him in the Camps at Cyprus, where he helped in one of the machsanim, distributing the scarce goods and foodstuffs. His quiet manner, quick eye, and his sense of humour helped to ensure quick and equal distribution to queues of thousands of Maapilim, some of whom would have preferred a rush and scramble and a fight rather than wait hours in a queue.

When I met him—queueing at a cinema—he was in uniform. After a few initial phrases in Hebrew, I had to switch over to Yiddish; "No," he complained, "can't pick up the language. After all, getting on for 40. Time and time again I even do a 'left turn' when the officer says 'Yemin'." "Old soldier like you should be an officer yourself by now," I said. "Ach, I tell you something," and here he let go without much further prompting, and gave his story. "Could have had quite a collection of those tapes and stripes, and pips and stars; but, there's no work in that—only worry. You've got to know Ivrit, Roumanian, English, Turkish, Arabic, French and Yugoslav, besides my Yiddish, just to talk to the lads. You've got to attend to leave, to identity papers, to their cleanliness; you've got to be their Mum and Dad, teacher, madrich, Rebbe,

chaver and officer all at the same time. You've got to know all about the political parties, you've got to sing and dance for them, drill them, and occasionally defend yourself from them. As I said, not for me this. I don't want to worry, but to do a proper job of work They asked me what I knew when I volunteered, fortnight after I came off the boat; told them I'd learned to use a telephone in Joe Stalin's army. O.K. That's 'Chel Hakesher' (Signal Corps) for you. Got sent to a unit—in a wooden shed were a dozen lads and girls, and a Samal (Sergeant). There were wires all over the place, light bulbs, with colours a-buzzing and ringing. And a rush! Everyone was fetching plugs with endless wires from one end of the room and plugging them in at the other end. Samal said, 'Take a chair and watch those lights. When it shows up, turn this knob until you hear the other bloke talking. The rest I'll explain after lunch.' He went for lunch. I watched for ten minutes. Then I started re-connecting the wires. Told one after the other of the lads they



The Signals Room

could safely go for lunch—as I could handle their switchboards as well. Cut out the wires across the room, rearranged the position of the boards and instruments, and told the girls, (there were only three left by this time) they could sit down at their places as everything was now connected just handy. I takes out a paper and squats down to wait for my Samal. It wasn't an hour yet; back he comes. 'What irresponsibility; everyone going off to eat at the same time,' he bursts out, pale with rage. I got up, came to attention. 'My fault—but back in the Red Army, one girl would handle this room; there isn't quite the right equipment here, so we'll need three. No need for the other dozen though—nor me,' I added. 'I'll have you sent on a course right away,' says my Samal. 'Course? O.K. Course.' I mumbled."

"Next day I sit in a classroom while some Katzin (officer), rattling away in Ivrit, explains some simple field telephone; I didn't understand a word. At lunchtime I went to him; 'Chaver Katzin—I can speak Yiddish.' 'Nu?' he nods. 'I don't understand a word of what you've been saying; but all those instruments that are on the shelves here, you can ask me anything you want. I know it all, only let me go out of this course.' He agreed to ask a few questions. I told him plenty, more at times than he knew himself. I dismantled some. 'Oh, you mustn't do that' said the Katsin—but I assembled it all again. At the end, he says, 'B'seder, go on chofesh (leave) till the end of the course.' So I went back to the Meshek for two weeks."

"After that they gave me a truck, got a number of girls sitting at the base, and crew of lads whom I showed how to do the job. Been doing lines at Acco (Acre), Lydda, Ramle, Derech Burma, (Burma Road—nickname of the improvised road to supply Jerusalem). Seen the countryside a bit. I was attached to Chativa (Brigade)" and here he mentioned the name of one of our most famous Brigades—"when it got busy in the Negev. One day they gave me a jeep and said 'Quick, lay down two lines to your forward troops.' We set out, unrolling the lines from the jeep, travelled well into the night. You know what the Negev is like; all flat. I trusted the driver to find his way. Suddenly, we're being stopped by a couple of soldiers. 'Where are you going?' 'Don't ask a lot of silly questions' I said, 'got an urgent job on hand putting down these lines.' 'Well, wind up your cotton again,' the soldier said, 'you know—you're almost in Gaza.' Gaza! just think of it, could have been talking right with Farouk—well I jerked out my pliers, cut off, and left the line right there—ought to come in handy one day I reckon." And here Fishel smiles broadly, slapping me on the back. "But, mind you, I kept that jeep. When I send the lads out to see some breakdown, it's a great help. Recently they've been nagging me again about courses; from the other end though—they want me to turn madrich and teach the newcomers. But, of course, I can't really leave the 'Signals.' There's officers to attend to everything that might be wanted from the military point of view, but there's got to be someone around who knows 'keshet' (signals). So, in the end, they left me alone, thank God. Better, too, for the Chativa."

He seemed to have ended, so I asked him what rank he was holding now.

"Me? What a question. Turai (Private), of course!"

CHAIM SILVERMAN.

Notes ^{of the} **1553** Month

WE celebrate our anniversary in good company. The month of Kislev is one which contains many other anniversaries, of important events and great Jewish personalities—starting some 2,000 years ago with Chanukah.

The miracle of the oil in the Temple at that time is one which will serve well as an analogy to our present situation in relation to Israel. The new state is the Temple; the Yishuv is the oil; and the last eighteen months are the seven days during which the oil miraculously held out. Well, the miracle is over now, and the 'oil' situation is none too bright. And unless there are more supplies from outside—and quickly—the lamp will burn low—possibly below survival level. The 'oilfield' from which new supplies must come is the Western world—the Anglo-Saxon countries. That we have understood this in theory is shown by our many discussions during the last few weeks on the expansion of our movement—on our duty to consider ourselves responsible for every non-organised Jewish youth in the country. That we have understood it only partially in practice is shown by our reluctance to shake off our twenty years' collection of barnacles and consider to-day as a prelude to tomorrow instead of as an appendix to yesterday. A movement which is twenty years old is on the threshold of maturity rather than on the verge of senility—and the tasks which history allots us to-day will demand all the maturity we can muster. The Hasmonians did their job then. We must do ours now.

From Yehuda Hamaccabi to Yehuda Hannasi—Judah the Hammer to Judah the Prince. As a matter of paradoxical fact, Judah the Hammer was a prince; whereas, assuming that the job of a teacher has not changed much even in 1700 years, Judah the Prince must have been a bit of a hammer, being renowned in his time as the greatest teacher in Israel. He lived in a magnificent mansion, and owned large areas of land, on which other people paid for the right to work by giving him every year a fixed quantity of their produce. From what we can gather the whole set-up was typically feudal—and this at least two hundred years before the very earliest beginnings of feudalism in Europe. Most of our great scholars have been occupied in business or trade in order to earn a living, but Rabbi Yehuda was fortunate enough to inherit great wealth, and was therefore able to devote his whole life to study, teaching, and to charity.

He was Rosh of the famous Yeshiva of Usha, in the Galil, and the compiler of the 'Second Torah'—the Mishna. This is an unparalleled work of scientific research and intellectual honesty, understanding of the people's needs and traditions, and clear judgement. It has served as a mainstay of

Jewish mental and spiritual life in the Galut from his death in Kislev, 200 C.E. until our own day.

Now, however, the force of the Mishna and other ancient works has abated; and we have not quite found how to replace them. Our fathers lived, and we largely live, 'between two worlds'—one world, of our own creation, which we have voluntarily given up, and another, which we assumed until recently must be that of the Gentiles, but which it is increasingly realised now, must again be one of our own creation. The last hundred years have produced a number of outstanding Jews who have tried to bridge this gap between the Jewish world of the past and the Jewish world of the present and future. Four of the greatest of these have their anniversaries in the month of Kislev—Dr. Leo Pinsker, Mende Mocher Sefarim,



MENDELE

Eliezer ben Yehuda, and Saul Tschernichovsky. Pinsker, Ben Yehuda and Tschernichovsky are household words in our movement, as they must be in every Zionist youth movement. But Mende Mocher Sefarim, who surely deserves a similar place, is now hardly known to us. Our parents knew Mende as we know Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells—he was an integral part of Jewish life in Russia and Poland during the latter half of the last century. The extent of his fame is an indication of the genius of his creator. For Mende never existed. He was the fictional hero of the writings of Shalom Jacob Abramovitch—the "grandfather" of Yiddish literature, and the "father" of modern Hebrew literature—and, in fact, Abramovitch himself soon became known as Mende Mocher Sefarim.

He remembered everybody, and sooner or later all the persons he met appeared in his writings. He created for us an unforgettable picture of Jewish life in southern

and western Russia in the mid-nineteenth century. His place as the leader in Yiddish writing was unshakeable, but his understanding of the sterility of Jewish life, along with his undoubted foresight, led him inevitably to Hebrew, as the language of the future; and some of his finest work is in Hebrew. He was the first of a series of writers who had their roots deep in the Yiddish culture of Eastern European Jewry, and who nevertheless all helped by writing in Hebrew as well as in Yiddish, to lay the basis of Modern Hebrew literature as we know it. These people were in every sense "bridging the gap" between past and future. They were the first to bring to the writing of Hebrew a modern, creative approach—to try to revitalise the "reproductive" potential of the language—to use not only words and phrases which are already found in the Tanach and classical writings (as previous Hebrew writers had done), but to use once again the means inherent in the language for creating new words and new ideas. They saw that Hebrew as written by the early Maskilim was still a dead language—an unnatural framework superimposed, like Procrustes' bed, upon something which it did not fit. Their task was to make the framework fit—to explore its latent elasticity and make use of all its hidden powers of "coming alive" once more. This was far from simple, and only one who was steeped in Hebrew as the present Israeli child, could tackle the job. Mende had the vision, and he had the ability. His Hebrew, although saturated with contemporary Yiddish life and filled with words and phrases which hark back to the Mishna or Tanach, is nevertheless alive as a language.

It is not stilted, awkward and circumlocutory, but clear, simple, and beautiful—because Mende had the deep knowledge of the language and culture to give him access to all its sources, and at the same time, he had the "iconoclasm" to adapt these sources to his own modern needs. The magnitude of such a task may easily blind us to the fact that it meant so many hours spent in research, in pondering, and in worrying, often over one elusive word, perhaps to translate a particularly juicy expression in Yiddish.

The story is told of how Ravnitsky, Editor of *Pardess* (Orange Grove) on a visit to Mende at his home in Odessa, found him sitting, a picture of misery, searching for the right word. "What's wrong?" asked Ravnitsky, "maybe I can help." "I'm going mad" said Mende, "absolutely mad. How can you say in Ivrit 'Rug-sich'?" The only word I can think of is 'Herate'a', and that doesn't fill the bill at all—it hasn't got the feeling. Can you imagine anybody saying 'Herate'a' when they could say 'Rug-sich'?" This was certainly a poser; but Ravnitsky had a suggestion, and one which was so obviously right that it is on every Israeli's lips to-day. When we want to say 'move over' or 'shove along' we simply say 'zuz.' It is clear, simple and expressive. And it is alive. That is Mende's prophetic genius, assuring his place amongst the great writers.

A VERY STRANGE GEDUD

The following letter was delivered recently to the office. It bore no date, nor any address. The stamp had been pulled off, either because it was so old and therefore valuable, or because it was foreign and valuable, or perhaps it had just come off in the post. The post-mark was recent, but then the letter may well have been mislaid in the post office. At all events, the letter itself has proved to be a surprising document, and the office is making extensive enquiries to establish its source. If anyone has some information to offer which may be of help it will be gladly accepted.

SIR,—After weeks of hacking, the Rosh Vatikim has finally agreed to let me write an article for Binyan. Really it's quite a privilege, for there are not many bonim who can say they have written for Binyan. Come to think of it, there are not many vatikim who can say it either.

Although our gedud is probably not very different from any others in the country, I should like to go into our programme in detail, as I am sure that all vatikim are interested in the problems of the junior sh'chavot.

Our main problem is that for the past eight months we have had no madrich, and although our mazkir and vaad run the group quite efficiently, we lack that extra bit of advice and help that a madrich can give. We have two meetings a week, a serious one consisting of a sicha, etc., on Sunday afternoon, and an oneg Shabbat usually consisting of a messibah and shirah, etc.

At this stage, I feel I must level a very serious criticism against the office. In spite of the shortage of money in the movement they persist in wasting valuable time and money publishing messibot. Exactly what the purpose of this is I'm afraid I can't quite

see, as I'm certain that no self-respecting group would dream of using a messibah that was not written by one of their own chaverim.

In our gedud, one or two of our chaverim each week spend a couple of hours, and usually manage to produce quite a good oneg or messibah. I'm not going to pretend that the standard is always as high as the office messibah, but at least they are our own. And if, on odd occasions, we want something of a standard, higher than we ourselves can produce, then we go and see a good film for 9d.

It's in our serious work that we suffer most from the lack of a madrich, for even though chaverim give sichot themselves, it is necessary to have a chaver with a greater knowledge than the rest of the group.

We felt this very strongly in our last project, one on Socialist Zionism. The main trouble was that after the sichot were given out to chaverim to prepare, the rest of the chaverim found out the subjects of the following weeks' sichot, and got out books from the library, in order to read up all they could about them. By the time the sichot came to be given, everybody had read all the available material on the subject, so the chaver giving the sicha knew no more than the rest of the Gedud.

I should like to know how this problem is tackled in chavurot without a madrich. When doing a project, how do they manage to stop the rest of the group from studying and discussing things before the actual sicha?

One more criticism I should like to make, and that is of the proposed membership drive. I think it is a good idea to open new groups, but do chaverim really think it is

practical to increase the size of the present groups? Surely 40 chaverim per group is enough. I know that we could not manage with more than 40 in our gedud, at least, not without a madrich.

Well that is roughly the position, I should like to know if these problems exist in other sh'chavot, and if so, how they are overcome.

GEDUD HAPRODIGIM.

VEIDAT HABONIM

PROGRAMME

Friday, December 23rd—

10.30 a.m. - 1 p.m. Cricklewood Synagogue, Walm Lane, N.W.2. HABONIM PRESS CONFERENCE.

8 p.m. North & North West London Batim. PELEG ONEGEI SHABBAT.

Saturday, December 24th—

7.30 p.m. E. London Synagogue, Rectory Square, E.1. WORLD MOVEMENT SESSION.

Sunday, December 25th—

10 a.m. Cricklewood Synagogue. MAZKIRUT REPORT and DISCUSSION.

11 a.m. - 3 p.m. Cricklewood Synagogue. COMMISSIONS ON SHICHAVOT, J.N.F., GIZBARUT, ORGANISATION.

3 - 5 p.m.: Cricklewood Synagogue. REPORT and DISCUSSION on COMMISSION.

7.30 p.m. East London Synagogue. HACHSHARA SESSION.

Monday, December 26th—

10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Cricklewood Synagogue. REPORT, DISCUSSION, COMMISSION.

7 p.m. Cricklewood Synagogue. IVRIT SESSION.

8.30 p.m. Cricklewood Synagogue. POLITICAL SESSION.

Tuesday, December 27th—

10 - 12 a.m. Cricklewood Synagogue. REPORT, DISCUSSION, COMMISSION.

3 - 6 p.m. Brady Girls' Club, Hanbury Street, E.1. NESHEF SIYUM.

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GREETINGS

In creating the State and shaping it into a working nation, chalutzic youth of the diaspora serves faithfully the twin causes of the rebirth of Hebrew and the absorption of youth as free settlers on the soil, to work it and defend it. Redouble your efforts to ensure speedily our full independence. Habonim, sincerest greetings on your anniversary.

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A TZOFEH'S LOG BOOK

By MONTY



THIS, as you may have gathered from its outrageous price and the inordinate time it took to produce, is a very special issue. They tell me that it marks the twentieth birthday of Habonim.

Twenty years ago I was murmuring 'Goo-goo' with the rest and I am afraid that these twenty years that Habonim has been going (and still going strong) have very little to do with me. For this sort of occasion all I can do is to join with you all in 'heyaching' and 'heydading' the old movement.

I can only hope that we in our turn, will carry on in the same tradition and with the same tenacity of purpose, 'ruach' and courage that enabled the pioneers of the movement to build and form Habonim as we know it to-day.

Mind you . . . this anniversary business is no joke. If all the work connected with it had been spread a little more evenly it might have been enough to keep us going another twenty years. Take my mob, for instance: for the last couple of months they have been feverishly preparing impromptu projects for the Veida, and have now got to the stage where, should I as much as mention the words 'twenty years,' they run like startled moorland ponies and attach themselves to odd places like dados and gas brackets. We don't mind tho'. Joe has told us (with the traditional Jewish gift for understatement) that the Veida is going to be the greatest thing that ever happened anywhere, anytime to anyone.

* * * * *

Some time ago, in an unguarded moment, I wrote that I should be pleased to answer any problems you might have on matters connected with the running of a plugah. This was a few years back and I should like to think that your problems are a little less mundane now, for the vast majority of queries I received were from frantic gizbarim and others on the question of how to raise money for their group, J.N.F., annual plugah jaunt to London for the Veida and what have you.

Now, in all my hectic career, I have only discovered one answer to the question, and you know it as well as I do—by sheer hard grind! If I knew of an easy way of making money I'd soon be a millionaire. As it is I'm just Monty, weekly wage earner.

As far as J.N.F. is concerned it is considered 'de rigueur' to cajole, coax, wheedle or inveigle the dibs by whatever method lends itself best to the circumstances. Sort



of a tax - you know, and one just has to use the same methods. But as far as money for yourselves is concerned 'shnorrering' is definitely out—together with arson, gun-running and any other method amounting to a misdemeanour. I'm sorry folks, but you've just got to earn it. Take a lesson from the Scout movement which recently held a 'bob a job' drive, the idea being that each of the members would approach his family and adult acquaintances to find if there were any jobs that he could do to earn an honest crust for the cause.

Before pushing this revolutionary economic theory into cold print we decided to try it out and whad'ya know? Most of the doting relatives of my band of mishugoyim were so emotionally overcome at this display of apparent zeal that they lavished half-crowns on them, completely 'forgetting' the jobs.

'Begging' did I hear someone say? Well, maybe, but one must concede that the

method had a certain chalutzic flavour about it!

* * * * *

The other week I had occasion to read to my plugah a letter which I had received from Israel and was surprised at the number of chaverim who asked if they could have the stamps.

Now, to be quite honest, collecting (except for the J.N.F.) has never been considered by chalutzic youth movements to be a particularly tzofic occupation. You know the old theory: that collecting for the sake of collecting tends to develop one's acquisitive instincts leading to envy and greed and finally in this strange eventful history one becomes a warmonger, fascist beast, dwarf, or some other kind of ogre commensurate with the 'politic du jour.' It seems, however, that we are losing ground in this great battle for the purity of the mind as there turned out to be no fewer than five stamp collectors—er, pardon me—philatelists, in my group alone.

This set me thinking. If you really must collect, why not collect the stamps of Israel? I understand that the Israel Government has issued some very attractive commemorative sets celebrating the New Year, the Founding of Petach Tickvah, the Birthday of President Weizmann and certain other events. This is a novel way of contributing both to your own pleasure and knowledge and also, if you collect unused stamps, to the upbuilding and development of Israel.

* * * * *

Perhaps it's due to my advancing years but I seem to be becoming a bit of a 'yachna.' Once again I have somehow contrived to write what is generally supposed to be a tzofith column without even getting round to mentioning the subject. Never mind, we are a little out of season for camping right now and anyway the Vatikim (with whom we are sharing this issue) just wouldn't have a clue!

* * * * *

I believe there is just room for one of my General Ignorance Tests. There are three questions—none hard, and you have 60 seconds in which to do them.

1. What is to-day's Hebrew date?
2. Give the name of either Moses' wife or one of his sons.
3. Name any one town, village or kibbutz in Israel beginning with the letter 'O.'

SCISSORS, GENERAL and LONG TROUSERS



SCISSORS.

Once upon a time there was an old tailor. And at the same time lived a boy (that's me).

And one day (you can be sure it didn't happen twice), Aunt Sara brought to our house an old, torn, woollen dress, and said—

"This is pre-war wool. We can have it made into long trousers for the boy" (that's me).

In the 'Neve Shalom' neighbourhood there lives an old tailor in a pink house with blue shutters, I'd often seen him at the window, with a pair of scissors in his hand. Big scissors—like a tailor's. Not like the ones anybody's mother has.

I went up the dark steps, and into a small room. There wasn't a soul to be seen.

"Does the tailor live here?"

No answer. On the table lay the big scissors; some scraps of cloth on the bench; and on the wall, painted so many times—and every time a different colour—were all shapes and sizes of stains—like horses, and clouds.

"Boy—fetch me a drop of salt"—an old man's voice came from the next room.

"Boy"—that's me. I went down and got a handful of salt from the neighbour. The old tailor now stood in the middle of the room, with an empty cup in his hand.

"I have dry bread with stew for my meal, but I need salt." He poured a drop of oil on his food, chewed, and asked;

"What do you want?"

"Long trousers, from this."

I opened the torn dress on the table. It seemed to me then that even the tailor could see Aunt Sara still in the dress. Just then it was as if there were three of us in the room.

"Longs?"

"Longs."

"It's all holes."

"Aunt said you could mend them with grey thread."

"Aunt may say so. But a men's tailor

doesn't darn. I've done for generals. I've got my scissors."

The tailor ate his bread of affliction. His eyes were happy. The skin of his face was smooth like a baby's. He chuckled and said:

"Listen to what I'm telling you. I'll do it—I'll cut them up. Trousers, not stockings. Stockings you darn. There's a hole—no need to be ashamed of it—you sew on a big square patch with a double seam round it like a pretty frame round a picture."

The big scissors, with one big place for your thumb, and another for your fingers, started opening and closing, and you could hear the noise of cutting. A soft, crisp rustle. They opened their big mouth wide, and went on steadily, following the tailor's chalk line. They had all the grace of a battleship cutting through the water. Everything they did was very finally done. They cut away all the damaged parts and brought order.

Aunt Sara's dress was cut into beautiful squares. For the seat, the tailor cut two big triangular pieces, like in riding breeches. For the side, he prepared a big square piece to cover a hole in the cloth. You'd think I had a pocket watch.

Not even the memory of Aunt Sara remained. Now only the tailor and me were left in the room.

The old tailor looked up from his work, and stared at me; his greenish eyes had lost their hard and discerning glint, and they were shining with a soft light. I'd come to a queer chap, I must say. And while he worked, he told me about a Russian general who used to order his clothes from him.



"It certainly suits me."

THE GENERAL.

(The tailor speaking).

I fetched the new coat, and said, "Put it on, general."

He puts it on, turns on his heels, laughs to himself, and says: "It certainly suits me,—it's as if I wasn't wearing a coat at all. Do you know, tailor, I'll give you a rouble for this work—as a prize."

"Make it two—as payment."

"You're a Anyway, I like you—I'll make it three."

"I only want my fee—two."

General strutted up and down the room, chest thrown out. I made him some shoulder pads of wool and horse hair—he laughed loudly and smacked his thighs with pleasure.

"Ah, tailor! Aren't you a simpleton? You're simple. What are you?"

"Men's tailor, General," I answered.

After some months the general was captured by the Turks. One of their soldiers fancied his coat, stripped it off him, and said "Scram!"

Because of the coat the general had earned his freedom. All he had to do now was to escape to the Homeland. But from the moment his coat was taken from him, his life became hell. He wandered around the villages with other coats which he managed to buy. Where was the braid? Where were the shoulder pads? And where was his chest?

In the end he managed to get back to our city, and he called on me to make him a new coat.

"The old one," he said,—“has passed to another. And I tell you it's no life in a coat made by anybody else."

"My coats, general," I answered, "are made specially for their wearers."

After some time a Turkish delegation came to settle the trouble—the 'misunderstanding' which had arisen on the border, where the general had been taken prisoner.

They sit around the table, giving explanations, asking pardons, regaling themselves with cups of tea, and standing up to sign the agreement.

The general stared at one of the Turkish officers and wondered

"Who is this bird?"

"I know him true, his face is strange but still, there's something about him that I recognise. What can it be?"

"He stares and stares and then all of a sudden he sees on the Turk two triangular patches on the back of his trousers. Like these, with double seams round."

SHALOM, BONIM!

My General signs the agreement and gives it back to the Turk; and then adds :-

"But you'd better give me back my trousers."

"Tailor, tailor," the General would say to me, "your work is like your signature. I could pick it out from a thousand. A suit of yours makes a man out of a beast."

"And truly," the tailor finished his story, "I love my scissors. They always lie by my Tallis bag."

LONG TROUSERS.

Next day I came to pick up my trousers. All the remnants that had been scattered on the floor had been removed. The work table was tidy. There was a feeling of being 'between cuts.'

The tailor covered his scissors with a white sheath, carefully and meditatively—like Grandfather does the Afikoman—and laid them on the bench. They took on an atmosphere of secrecy, like a present in a parcel, or a conjurer's bag.

I got into my new long trousers with glee. A pair of patches, triangular, beautiful, was there for all to see on my bottom; like riding breeches. On my hip was a proper pocket. You'd think I had a pocket watch.

The tailor said :

"When you put on a new pair of longs, you should put one hand in the pocket and smile a little."

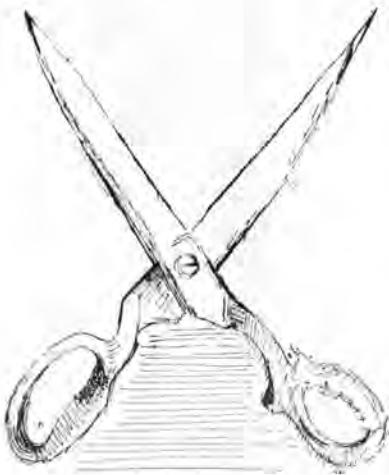
I looked around me and felt as tall as the Statue of Liberty. The floor seemed miles away. I took a step, and felt "I'm It!" Another step—"A Goliath." What these trousers did for me!

I marched home—hand in pocket and smiling a little.

And there was Aunt Sara standing at the door and staring at me in amazement.

"Look at that—I thought a young man was coming!"

Then I knew. This fellow, marching about in these trousers, had now become a young man (that's me).



COMING down the escalator at Tooting Bec, and watching the advertisements on both sides passing me by, is a regular everyday event for me and nothing out of the ordinary. But on Erev Chanuka, there was something about the set-up of the downward trend to the station which captured my eye. Yes, it was the advertisements. Instead of the usual 'Have you seen Punch this week?' and 'Lyons Swiss Rolls' and such-like, there was 'Have you seen the newsletter this week?' and 'Monickandams Kosher Latkes for Chanuka,' and a big Beth with a figure 20 in the middle, and such-like.

My first thought was 'Has Habonim become an underground Movement?' I followed the 'yellow-ochre-with-a-slight-tint-of-ultramarine light for Vest Hemstitched Shul,' and arrived on the platform only to be told by the lit up signs to 'Pass along the platform chaver,' and 'Stand clear of Bonim and Bonot.' I just had time to see the doors close, and the train move out. (I'm not sure whether it was a Morden, Norden, or Northern line train). The signs amazed me, but the passengers of the train that had just left amazed me even more. The platform was empty, although soon enough an old woman of 73½ joined me in my wait for the next train.

"Nice day" she said, looking up at the fluorescent lighting. "Extraordinarily," I replied, as another train of dangerous crea-



tures all dressed in blue, screeched into Tooting Bec.

"My name's Rebecca," the old woman tooted, as the doors opened; and as they closed again I replied, "Pleased to meet you." The carriage was like a lions' den—I nearly told her that I wanted to change my name to Daniel. All the way to Waterlu, where everybody changed for the Babylu line, via Picanini circus, the Bonim and Bonot sang, shouted, screeched, roared, fought for seats and did everything that one would not usually do in an underground movement. Amidst strains of 'Hine ma tov umah naim,' the 'Body in the bag,' 'Sacramonika,' 'Yissachar the best by far' and 'Lousy Reuven,' I could hear one boneh sadly chanting the 'Anniversary Waltz' for the 20th time. A little Bonah by my side was touched. I at last realised the reason for this massive gathering of blue shirted children—it was the 20th Anniv.....

The crooning Boneh looked as if he was

dedicating this 20th version of his, to my old companion, the woman of 73½, by the way he stared at her. The train came to a halt.

"Vingeley Roid, Vingeley Roid." The doors opened. Overpowered by the noise and particularly by the crooning of that wretched Boneh, the old woman scrambled out of the train and collapsed. In rushed two men with J.N.F. moustaches. "Vingeley Roid, Vingeley Roid. Change here for Croxley Green, Rickets Blue and Matrimonial Line. Mind the doors." The men with the J.N.F. moustaches exerted terrific pressure on bonim in the doorway so as to allow them to close it. At Vest Hemstitched the train, poor thing, grew thinner and lost a lot of weight. Hordes of Bonim and Bonot accompanied by two men with J.N.F. moustaches, flew up the station steps holding their cheap day tickets. Before Jack Solomons could count ten, the ticket collector was down and the barrier removed. When Shevet Yehuda of Gedud Hamaccabi were entering Vest Hemstitched Shul, Shevet Binyamin of Gedud D'Israeli was still having its tickets collected by nobody. Just shows how many chaverim there were.

Eventually all Bonim were seated inside the Shul hall. I expected pandemonium, but —Sheket reigned. Just as the old woman of 73½ was overpowered by the noise of the Bonim in the train, I was overpowered by the quietness of the Bonim in the hall, and the tenseness and seriousness of the atmosphere. I beheld them as they watched one of their own chaverim kindling the first flame of Chanuka and reciting 'Hanerot Hallalu.' As I watched, I realised that although this double celebration of Chanuka and the 20th anniversary of our Movement Habonim, called for great joy, (were not the fun and games and songs in the underground an expression of this?) it called too, for serious consideration.

We can be compared to the small body of people who fought under Yehuda Hamaccabi against the Greek destruction, and who stirred up the rest of the nation to join and support them in their efforts. Habonim, though larger than any other movement in the country, and a strong movement, is but a handful amidst Jewish youth in the country. Shichvat Habonim is but a handful amongst all the Jewish children in the country. We cannot succeed in our task of building up Israel, our Homeland, unless we continue to grow and become stronger. Israel looks to every Boneh as a Yehuda Hamaccabi and to every Bonah as a Chana. This example strengthened the nation in those times. Your example must strengthen us now. The 20 year old tree of Habonim has borne its first fruits in Israel. Let Shichvat Habonim grow and be stronger, and then our future yield of fruit will be larger and larger.

SHIMON

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CHAVERIM write:

GEDUD REPORT

Gedud Hanitzachon now has about 20 regular members. Four new chaverim arrived very recently and have settled down very well amongst us. Unfortunately, we have lost two faithful madrichot—Frances, who is now in Brighton, and Beryl, who is on a 6 months course in Aretz. At the same time however, we welcome a new madricha Rosalie. Rita is now our Rosh Gedud.

We are settling down to some hard work. Most of the chaverim and chaverot have passed some tests in their Hakdashah.

Eleven chaverim of our Gedud went to camp this year, and all of them said they had a very enjoyable time, and hoped that they would go again next year.

At the Bonim camp reunion Neshef held last month, eight chaverim of the Gedud took part in a Rikudim display.

There are two Shvatim—Dan and Gad, the former for older chaverim and the latter for younger ones.

Wishing this 20th anniversary publication every success.

Shalom,

ERIK and RAMON PHILLIPS,
Boneh Reporters—Gedud Hanitzachon
N. London.

CAMP COMMENT

When I arrived at Paddington from Habonim Camp, the moment the children got off the train, their mothers rushed forward to enquire if they were all right. This was natural, but what followed was not. As I left the station I heard several mothers say that they weren't going to let their children go to camp any more.

Why did the mothers complain? Was it because they didn't see their children for some time? NO. They complained, because, first, the children said they thought the food was terrible. (I thought that the food was ample and good). Secondly, the girls complained that they didn't sleep well and lastly, they didn't think they had a very good time.

I thought the camp was the best holiday I had ever had, and next year I hope to go to as many camps as possible.

What did the mothers expect? That their children should have chicken and lockshen soup and such like? Did they think that their children would sleep in a hotel such as in Mayfair? Camp life is a hard life and you have to expect the worst.

The parents did not appreciate how much work the Madrichim had put in to make the camp an enjoyable one. They didn't realise the work the maintenance had to do, e.g. emptying the sanitary bins, etc. On the second Friday night there was a gale. The

Madrichim stayed up all night to see that tents did not blow over and therefore harm the children.

I would like to thank all those who tried to make the camp such an enjoyable one, the cooks, the maintenance and all the other madrichim who organised the fun and games and especially the leader of the camp, Joe, and I think that all those that came to the camp should thank them too.

Shalom,

JOSEPH HALPERN.

Gedud Carmel, Neasden.

MY FIRST CAMP

I, on the appointed day, with many other children, arrived at Euston Station where we were met by one or two Madrichim and Madrichot who assembled us in order and prepared us for the long journey to camp.

After what was a reasonably comfortable journey we arrived at Northampton Station where we were met by a special coach which was to take us to the camp site.

After much hustle and bustle we arrived at our destination. Shimon, the head of the camp, showed us to our tents, and sorted us into our various Shvatim. After this procedure we went to the marquee for tea. There, our money was given to the kupah—although at first not agreeing with this method, I soon found it a very good idea—after Thelma had explained the workings of it to me.

We then played games until supper. During supper many songs were sung, all of which were strange to me. I made many friends. After supper we gathered in our Shvatim to go down to our tents to bed. So ended my first evening at camp . . .

The morning's routine consisted of rise and shine at eight, next came P.T. followed by wash and then breakfast. We then got ready for tent inspection, which was usually carried out by Shimon or Jackie. (The tent I was in got the Degel once during my stay at camp). We then had Mifkad which was followed by Pinot. In this period, we were to

build a sort of hut from leaves, wood twigs, etc. This was followed by dinner. The most important activities were in the afternoons, and it would be impossible to describe them all fully, so I will describe some as best as I can.

We had tracking—hikes which lasted a good 10 miles there and back.

We went on Yom Hityashvut—where each Shevet was given a particular job, like making roads, building bridges, watch-towers, and digging trenches, etc. This represented the way in which settlements are developed in Palestine.

One day was spent in Northampton when we went to the pictures and bought presents—from the money in the Shevet Kupah.

There was a sports day. I was in the egg and spoon race. Those who won, were rewarded with points for their shevet.

We had a visitors day and games, such as rounders, and others.

The evenings were full of laughs and jokes; we sang songs, most of which I now know. We had concerts, dressing up in anything we could get hold of; and Hebrew folk dances.

On Friday we decorated the marquee with flowers and ferns, leaves and paintings for Shabbat.

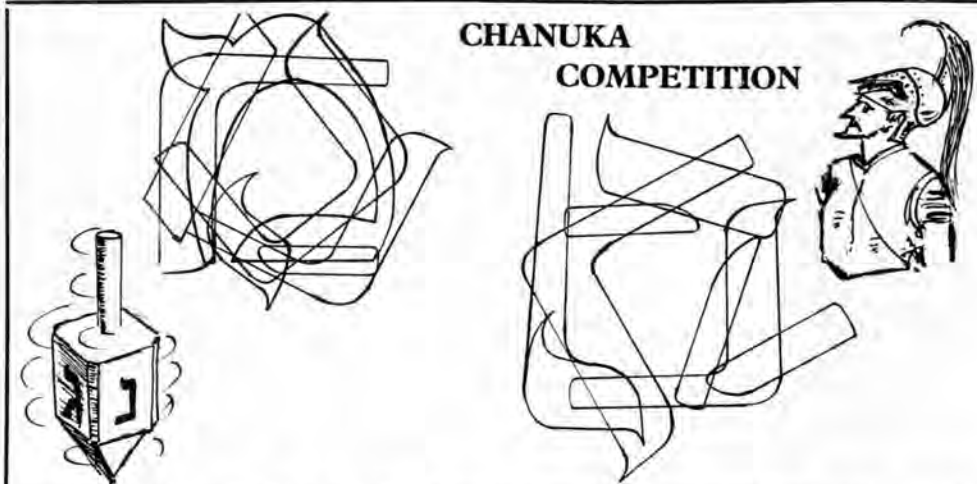
On Saturday evening we sat around the camp fire singing songs.

On the last evening of camp we had a fancy dress Neshef—there was plenty of grub too—such as cream buns, toffee apples, oranges etc. The night's entertainment was rounded off with dancing and singing—then came our usual cup of cocoa and bed—but not to sleep, for when we got back to our tents we had the customary binge, which finished at a very late hour—after which we needed no second bidding, and we were soon in the land of slumber.

So ended my first camp—and my best holiday.

Next year I hope to go again to camp knowing more friends and being a lot wiser.

BRENDA HODES (age 11).



CHANUKA COMPETITION

TRY YOUR HAND ON THIS—Here are two Ivrit words, the first on the right and the second on the left. The letters of each word are jumbled up, and when put together in the right order form the name of a famous Jewish hero. Can you make anything of them? And do you want to receive a 4lb. box of chocolates? Because the sender of the first correct solution to the Editor, 20 Years Souvenir Publication, 67 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1., will receive one.

CHELM and the FEATHERS

THE wise men of Chelm decided emphatically that a new synagogue must be built in place of the old one, and also that the public baths must be repaired. But where was the money to come from? After all, everybody knows that the town of Chelm isn't so rich that it can take on such big schemes.

So a big meeting was called in which all the citizens of Chelm, old and young, took part. And after a long drawn out conference, it was decided to send three of their most respected men to all the Jewish communities of Poland to collect the necessary sum.

So the three set out on their way. For many days they travelled, passing from town to town; and the people of Israel, who, as everybody knows, are very kind-hearted and charitable, showered their contributions on to the three men of Chelm; and all for this one Holy aim—the building of a new Shul. The money was collected in no time!

And in those days there still was no railway in the land. The three men from Chelm, therefore, had to travel about in a big cart pulled by a horse, and in the very rough country they even had to walk. On their way back to Chelm, having fulfilled their Holy task, they had to pass through a very thick forest, which was known as a den of robbers and bandits. This was a serious problem for the three men of Chelm. How were they going to pass this forest of bandits with so much money, and get away with it?

One of them suggested that with the money they should buy various goods, and sell them again in Chelm. Then they would be safe, and the bandits would not be able to rob them of their money.

But, of course, the other two pointed out that the bandits would rob them of the goods, and then they would be no better off. So again they were confronted with the problem. How were they going to get the money to Chelm? At last another of the three came out with a brilliant suggestion: "If we buy the right goods, we may not be able to take them through the forest, but we **shall** be able to send them **over** the forest."

"How?" asked the other two, full of surprise (for in those days the aeroplane had not yet been invented).

"Let us buy some feathers for our money," the first one went on, "and when a strong wind blows towards Chelm, we will go up to a high place, and throw the feathers from their sacks, and the wind will do the rest."

This was indeed a wonderful idea. Without further questioning, the three of them went about the neighbourhood and bought from various farmers all the feathers that their money could buy. They also informed the people of Chelm by letter of their decision. How great was the joy in the city when the letter arrived. And how the people admired the wisdom of the three men. Immediately, the citizens prepared sheets,

sacks and blankets, and anything they could lay their hands on, in order to collect the feathers as they fell. Never before were there so many people in the streets of Chelm. Every person wanted to be the first to see the feathers flying over from the other side of the forest.

And there, on the other side of the forest, the three men of Chelm waited for a strong wind; nor was there long to wait. They borrowed the services of many youths from the nearby villages, and climbed the highest trees carrying their sacks of feathers. The youths probably never had so much fun in their lives. The three Chelmim too, rejoiced at seeing the feathers carried away by the wind. Eventually, they themselves set off in the direction of Chelm, and, what is more, they went through the forest, for now they had no fear of being robbed. Sure enough they passed through the forest untouched, and were received by the people of Chelm with great joy. As soon as the people heard



that the feathers were already on their way, they rushed to prepare their sheets and sacks, and awaited their arrival. And it was not long before one little girl, on seeing the first feather, cried out with delight amidst the happy crowd of people.

But alas! After that feather came down, hours went by, and still the rest of the feathers were not to be seen. The Chelmim had no longer any patience to wait, and so they gathered together to find out what could have happened to the airborne goods. All were sure that nothing could be more logical than that the feathers should have arrived hours ago, and that, therefore, they must have been carried the wrong way by the wind. "What can be done now?" everyone asked. And lo and behold, Rabbi Gavriel got up and said, "Have you ever watched the birds as they fly in the sky? As they fly, then, many other birds join them, until they become one huge mass. You must realise that feathers also belong to the family of creatures that fly (for do they not come from birds)? and that they, therefore, possess the same

characteristics. So I suggest that we despatch all our feathers, which are to be found in our own bedding, with the wind, and when they meet the other feathers, they will join up with them, and will come safely back together to Chelm.

"And what if our feathers do not come back either?" asked one of the Chelmim. "Why, how can that be possible?" replied Rabbi Gavriel. "Our feathers are Chelm feathers, and are closely attached to each and every one of us. Why therefore, should they not return to us?"

These words were accepted unanimously by the Chelmim, and immediately they went to fetch all their 'perennes,' pillows, mattresses, bolsters, and all the feather bedding they had, to the big square in the centre of the town. In no time, crowds of people were throwing masses of feathers into the air.

The Chelmim waited patiently for one long-drawn out hour. And when they saw that there were no prospects of the feathers ever coming, they went back to their homes full of anger, and retired to bed. But nobody should ever have such a night's rest! It wasn't even a rest. Apart from their blankets and sheets, and one or two palisades of straw, not one article of feather bedding was left to them. All Chelm trembled that night with cold. And not only on that night, but on all other nights for a long time afterwards.

Alas! the new Synagogue, of which all Chelm dreamt, was not built; nor were the public baths repaired!

A long time after that incident, one of the same three Chelmim went on his travels again. On his way, he came to the house of one of the kind people who had given money towards the building of the new Shul, and the repairing of the public baths.

"Did you build your new Shul? And are the public baths repaired?" asked the kind old Jew.

"To our sorrow, we built nothing," replied the man of Chelm. "For the wind came and stole it all."

The kind man, however, asked the Chelmai to tell him the whole story. And, having heard the long explanation, he laughed heartily and said:

"Despite everything, your Shul will be rebuilt, and your public baths will be repaired." For he gave another big donation of money towards this aim, and sent it in the hands of one of his most faithful servants, who apparently knew of another way which by-passed the forest and led to the town of Chelm. And, do you know—the same three men who came out before to collect money also knew of this way around the forest. "Why, then, did they not take this route originally?" you will ask. Why, so that nobody should be able to say that the men of Chelm are cowards!

Habonim Central Choir

IN the Autumn of 1946, the melodious strains of Israeli music wove their way into the fabric of London Jewish life, when the Habonim Central Choir came into existence. At that time the choir was but a minute detail on this fabric; now it is one of the main themes. That it has achieved such a place in the community is due in no small measure to its conductor, and more than conductor, its inspirer, Yehuda Goodman. He has spared no effort in his attempt to breathe the fire and tempo of Israeli life, the peace and beauty of Kinneret, and the pioneering spirit of the Galil and the Negev, into the remote, unrealistic atmosphere of British Jewry.

Both the chaverim of the choir and Yehuda have enjoyed their mutual experiences tremendously; and what a host of experiences they are: the nervous tension in the Albert Hall dressing rooms; the historic visit of 75 chaverim to Glasgow when a complete performance was staged; the brilliant production of Magash Hakesef, a ballet-cum-choir piece written by Yehuda himself. Nor will the choir easily forget the Islington Town Hall, the Palace Theatre, the recording studios, the Beaver Hall, the Kilburn Empire, the Central Hall—all the scenes on one or more occasions of 'a little bit of Israel.' We knew the audiences enjoyed these performances which awoke their latent Jewish musical soul. The audiences should know that we on our side delighted



in performing, and when we sang, we did so as much with our hearts as we did with our voices. We hope the community will give us more sources of pleasure by inviting us to sing for them.

The repertoire of the choir has grown to sizeable dimensions, from 'Shir Chadash,' appropriately enough 'a new song,' to 'Hanitzanim' (New Shoots). Some of the songs are carried along as permanent adjuncts to our repertoire, and some, very naturally, achieve fame and then die away as rapidly. But of all the songs that have reached the top, one alone has stayed, 'Ha'avazim' (The Geese). The first association that springs to mind when the choir is mentioned is this song. Its every line conjures up a

vision of the farmyard, but a very melodious one, and viewed from the audience, the rate at which the mouths open and close reminds one of a starved hen in a granary (le'havdil).

A wonderful and fitting conclusion crowning a brilliant epoch was the last performance of the choir under the direction of Yehuda, just a few days prior to his departure for Israel. The B.B.C. recorded this performance for beaming to Israel on the 21st December, during the Israel Half-Hour. No finer tribute could be paid, and no speedier method of transmitting it could be conceived, than this broadcast to Israel: for Yehuda will need only to tune in to receive this, the most pleasant of all his presents.

A CABLE FROM MANSURA . .

"ZVI SHUR CONTACT J.N.F. URGENTLY RE HABONIM FOREST TO BE PLANTED MANSURA—EDELSTEIN."

Ossie's cable reaches us at a moment when we are in the throes of great events.

Habonim is twenty years old: Mansura will be named after President Chaim Weizmann; last, but not least, and by way of comparison to keep our sense of proportion, our movement has fulfilled its promise of collecting enough money to plant 10,000 trees in Israel. The first two events, now firmly established in the realm of facts, will take care of themselves. But the forest—our Habonim Forest, brought about by the combined efforts of bonim, tzofim and vatikim—this forest is as yet a homeless forest. It is a forest which exists only in the account books of the J.N.F. Jerusalem.



At this point a number of readers will no doubt drop this journal with an indignant adjective on their lips. All the drives,

all the projects, all the box collections—and no forest.

Needless to say, these readers should have had more patience. They should have remembered that the tree planters have been soldiers until a very short time ago, and that the spades and picks were used for digging trenches. All this, to use a matter of fact expression, has played into the hands of kibbutz Mansura. True to the words spoken by Moses in the desert, "When you come into the land, plant ye trees," they now offer their services and as it were, overnight the planting of a forest becomes a personal matter for us all. Just try to imagine what it means for Mansura. Perched on a hill, on a Syrian border, separated from the nearest neighbour by more than an hour's walk through mud and mud and more mud, condemned to inactivity in the fields because of rain there presents itself a way out, time honoured, and yet original, and no doubt guessed by all of you, namely tree planting. The surroundings are bare. You can almost hear the soil crying out for roots to offer a hold against the remorseless gushes of rain which tear down the hill sides. And the economy of kibbutz Mansura requires that a chaver must earn his keep all the year round and so the planting of a forest translates itself into—lirot, grushim and prutot. Hence the urgency of Ossie's request; for time is money.

Meanwhile, we as a "dynamic" movement go on. During the last two months a new campaign-

word has made the rounds—the Weizmann Forest. The Rosh Hashana House-to-House Drive was part of this campaign. At a London Neshef, the Bonim of the south of England pledged themselves to do their share—Bonim of the Midlands, the North and all Scotland please follow suit. N.W. London Vatikim will shortly be called upon to lead the way with a big effort in conjunction with the senior commission; and our tzofim? Well, rest assured, the top tzofeh has made his plans and dispositions.

Thus our movement through the efforts of all the chaverim is in the forefront of the battle for construction and there is always a kibbutz aliya waiting to go on hityashvut and anxious to secure a forest—like Mansura. Can you blame them?



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